

Vices Anotimie,
SCOURGED
and Corrected,
IN
NEVV SATIRS.

Lately written by R. A. of
Magdalen Colledge in
CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON,
Printed by *Barnard Alsop* for *Roger Jackson*, and are
to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, over against
the great Conduit. 1617.

Vices Animarum
SCQVRGRD
and Concord

IN
NEW SATIS



Lately
Cambridge College

LONDON



Printed by
reprinted
the

TO THE RIGHT
HONOVABLE, WILLIAM,
LORD HERBERT EARLE OF
Pembroke, Baron of Cardiffe, Marmion, and Saint
Quintin, one of his Maiesties most honourable priuie
Counsell, and Knight of the most noble order of the
Garter. *Robert Anton* wisheth a happy
life militant and trium-
phant.

Remember (Right Honourable, the
whining complaint of the Poet con-
cerning vertue: Credo pudicitiam
Saturno: rege moratam delapsam
in coelis: 'Tis the iron age, and ver-
tue must haue Estredge like concocti-
on, or else die in an Hospitall for want of a Patron. Tis
well she is stellified in heauen: for earth is her locall place
of torment: I haue been a sad spectator of her iniuries,
and deplore her miserable exile; yet her eclipse by the
interposition of vice is not a totall defect of her heauenly
light, but partiall and limited, yet how prodigious it is, the
tragicall changes of this age can truly prophesie. Some Sur-
geon might haue begd a dead body from the fanges of exe-
cution, whose Anotomy might haue taught the age the con-
stitution of vice, impostumated with murder and hot raine
affections. My prayer is more charitable, then Cynicall to
wish any plants of such an vnfortunate tree, I haue seene
vice adored with her superstitious Imagerie, and I wish
all true Protestants to vertue rather to die Martyrs, then

The Epistle to the Reader.

reuolet from her profession, in whose faith your honour is held a most religious professor, the sects of vice are more then in Amsterdam, to whose errors I oppose my booke, as an eager disputant. The motions of this planitarie satire are regular and presented in a maske of a seuenfold uniformity. Appeare Philosopher in thy undaunted humor of grauity, & spit defiance in the face of scurrile satirisme: lend heauenly whippcord, and borrow correction from the Sunne: fetch blood from the whole body of Nature, and the sixe planets lay on load on the stigmatick shoulders of vice. This booke was conceiued in dog-daies, and must bite, the signe is in Scorpio, and the planets in their most criticall mansion. Be as the world thinkes you, vertuous, and reade this booke with a more then laurell resolution. The thunder hath no power ouer a consecrated and vertuous mind, it smites onely strong timbred villanies. Kings haue accepted rootes from a Philosopher: the gift is small: yet it calls you Lord, and me master. A satire is musicke worthie of Pithagor as his opinion, especially, when the planets dance a heauenly lauolto, they are nimble spirited and actiue, and onely hope for the passiue part of your noble patronage.

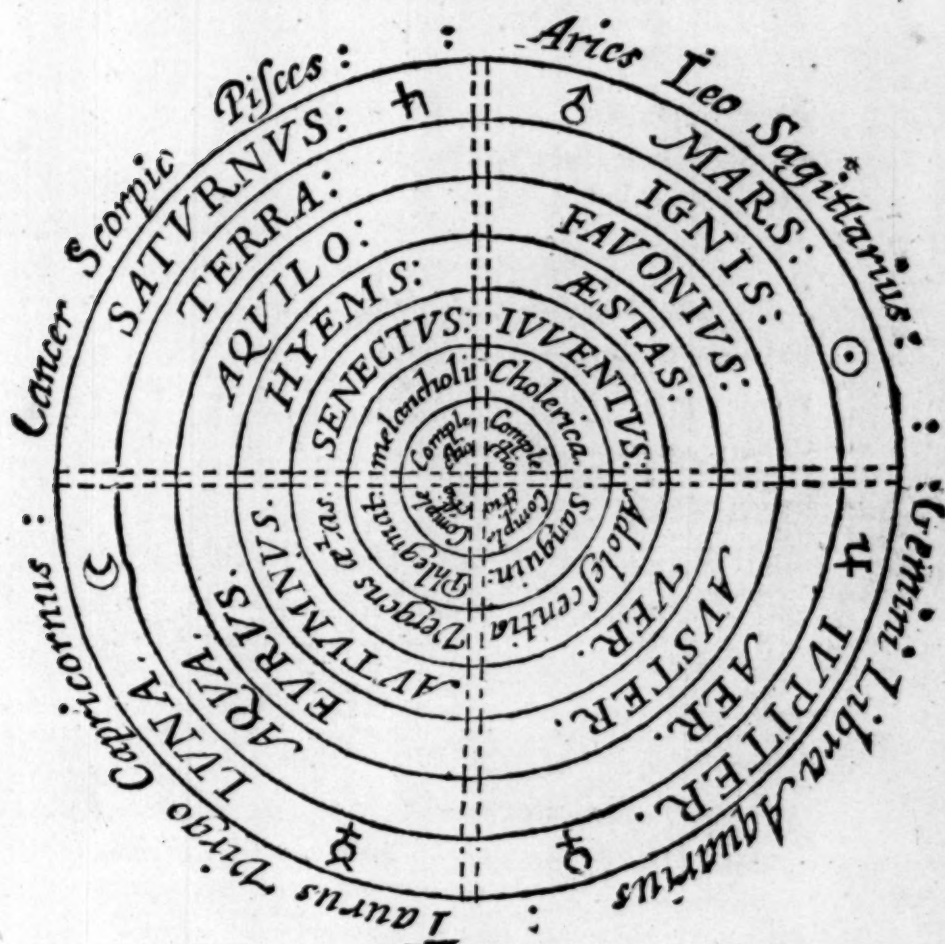
Your Honours obliged

Robert Anton.

THE PHILOSOPHERS SATYRS,

WRITTEN BY M. ROBERT
ANTON, of Magdalen Colledge in Cambridge.

*Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet etas.*



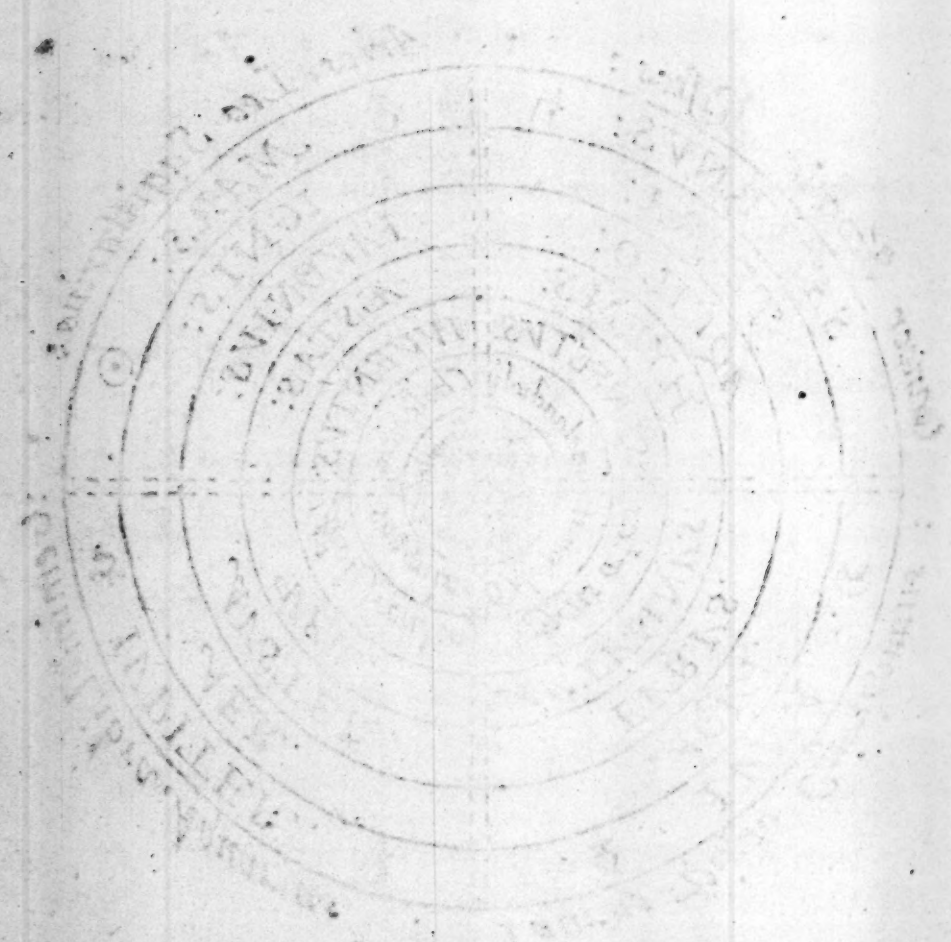
LONDON,

Printed by T.C. and B.A. for Roger Iackson, and are to be sold at his
shop in Fleetstreet, ouer against the great Conduit, 1616.

THE PHILOSOPHERS SALYRS

WRITTEN BY M. ROBERT
ANTON, of Magdalen College in Cambridge

Cambridge, 1841
Printed by J. G. & J. S. [illegible]



Printed by T. C. and B. A. for Kegan Paul, and to be sold at 10, Pall Mall, London.



A D I A L O G V E

betwixt Nature and Time.

Nature.



Ell met, how goes Time now. *Time*
Verie baldlie: vsed well by none but
Musitians, Clock-makers and Gard-
ners; for other men they keepe me
in their pockets as their stomackes
serues them, for distinction of
meales, not to measure their actions.

Nature. Ah poore occasion, the whole body of nature
suffers with thee, and desires dissolution. I feele in my
selfe that am mother of generation, a necessity of cor-
ruption; and I that haue made imperfect things per-
fect, am by the ieasting age rayled vpon as molt im-
perfect, monsters brought soorth, not by my consent,
fater theyr prodigious birthes on me, and Vice it selfe
as vgly in his habite, as vertue is beautifull, throwes all
his beaſtly inclinations on my prouidence: the blac-
kest Sinne tells mee to my face, it is his nature, that now
I am the verie Hospitall of all theyr diseases, and I
haue no friends but Phisitions to excuse me, to tell the
distempered world that I made the bodies of the world

(b 3)

of

A Dialogue betweene Nature and Time.

of sound constitution, had not the infectious vices of men begot extreames, and those extreames vsurpers of Nature: I scarce know the Species I first made, this rotten age hath so impostumated them with vnnatural alterations, as man the noblest of them all, lookes like an Anotomie, whom to dissect would make vertue wonder, & vice more skilful. Time, Foule & nature horrible, *Nature*. stay good Time, lets take our quarters, thou art vertuous of thy self, & the measurer of manie good actions, thy Glasse is full of experience: How many villanies hath thy sithe cut off since Nature gaue it thee. *Time*. More then I dare speake of for mine cares: Theres neare a minute that my Glasse measures, but I meete with Knaues: let mee dwell in clocke or watch, afore I strike, I meete with Lust, murther or vsuerie, the Sonnes eye, and Times hand sees al things, and touches euery thing: Time was a golden Ladde in the first age, and could not in much space meete with any thing but goodnesse, iustice, and vpright dealing, neuer saw an Informer but a Reformer, kept reckonings of noble and honourable liues, triumphant at their deathes: In my younger dayes afore I was so balde, so happy was my Contemplation, that I rather desired to breake my glasse, then see it ruane out so good a time of vertue: but when I yet grew in yeares and howres: seeing the first best, the second age worser, and this last worst of all, like an Apprentise weary of his Taske, or a day-Labourer of his worke: I desire to iogge my howre-glasse, or to set forward the time. I am sorry to byde more howres, to see more mischief.

Nature

A Dialogue betwene Nature and Time

Nature. Prouidence which is an infallible connexion of causes, will keepe thee yet in motion, this world made in order now runnes vpon disorderly wheeles: Why brings not aged Time foorth some worthy bitter spirit of impartiall Satyrisme, free from obscene ribaldrie, or poore shallow beggerly fiftie-foot creeping verse, to whippe vice soundly, and with a learned Furie: Nature made them apt, and I know there are two Nurses that bring vp many. *Time.* Tis true, but were *Iuvenall* liuing now, hee would turne Coward, and feare to picke a quarrell with the Iaylor: the skinne of Vice is too daintie, and can endure no whipping, though the Author be bolde, learned, and his labour honest, the implicate Wittes of men in resolu'd authoritie, will make their owne construction, the Authors are committed as offense. Those Worthie nurses you speak of haue brought vp prosperous quaint inuentions, which eyther necessity, or too much audacitie hath many times corrected: for sometimes they are so vacant and wasted of proportionable ability, that there wants fuell to blow theyr holy fire, and somtimes vpon what peremptorie Lord-checking presumption, I know not, like Apes they giue fire to some murdering piece of a rayling report, that in the discharge makes themselues miserable. Time hath obserued such extreames, I confesse Nature is not to be blamed in these thinges, but shee is often curst for her giftes, as sonnes often curse their friends for theyr too liberal and large an education: I could wish these lightning Presse-blasters, the circumspection of poore Watermen, that look behind as well as before, & the smooth

A Dialogue betweene Nature and Time.

• tongues of pleasing Shoppe-men, to speake by measure.

Nature. I thinke, Time, these worser dayes haue robde Nature of excellent Treasurie; for I see a kind of desperate squirting packe of Pamphlets keepe the Termes vpon Posts, as if they came riding like a country Attorney to sollicite a great cause, when indeede they are busied about writtes: of no such mayne consequence: Euery fresh-man writes in Printe, though to small purpose.

Time. The age I confesse is ripe, though spotted with many irregularities, and I could wish that Time might bee once so happie to see these rousing wittes concluded in some sound Harmonie, that all those delicates of fluent and quicke conceites, which sometimes the Presse, sometimes the Stage suckes vp, might bee incorporated into the body of Art, that the Age might mend and benefit by them, and not be brought forth in loose and lasciuious lines, eyther to please the fancie of some Rime affecting amorist, or to fawne vpon bubble lasting greatnesse, as if good wits were inamoured of *Andromadaes* picture, to write with a iudicious limitation, what honour brings it to Time and Nature, & to the painfull incumbent, when with Natures helpe, the sound pulses of Art beateth healthfully, and with iudging motion. Oh Nature, I admire the worke of thy Creation, in giuing fitt inclinations to euery studious Author: but thou art most foully abused and distorted, when men fling about their braines with thy giftes in wine and drunken furies, in slight and weake stufes; this worke now present iudge,
and

A Dialogue betweene Nature and Time.

and see if imitation or studie hath with more graue and lesse Criticall Censure scoured the Vice and superfluties of the Time.

Nature. Tis bitter, but compounded with sweete and healthfull ingrediencies; tart, yet soberly inuectiue, the Subiect naturall, and Art strayned from that great Schoole-man, that layed Nature open, and made my hidden misteries manifest. How came Time acquainted with such a stirring Moderator?

Time. I will be silent, least I also should flatter: but thus I found it among the many workes my stolne howres bring to light; if there be any thing in it that galles the maners of this Age, let their vicerde bodies thinke themselues happie that light vnder so easie a torture, and so gentle a handed Chirurgion, that wold rather stoppe a veine then make them bleed to death: here are no bold fac'd chaine-shots of abuses whipt, and stript, that take off great rankes by the girdle, nor no saucie Characters of Country Gentlemen, and the like, but elaborated milde corrections, that moralizes nature and thinges naturall, as well to teach the Philosopher and Phisitian, as to marke the foole out: These are the fruites of Art, Nature may giue them thanks, but neere take them for her owne.

Nature. Yet is Art but as a purge to Nature, and I could wish that all those faculties which I haue conserd vpon the quicke and acute vnderstanding of men were refined by artificiall Knowledge, I should appeare more worshipt in print by nobler iudgements, which find nothing in bookes now a dayes, but the trickes of a naturall Ballad-mongring vaine, without the poli-
(b 5.) thing

A Dialogue betweene Nature and Time.

thing assistance of Art and profound Sciences: but tell mee Time, if the age bee so dangerous, men so captious, and this labour so launching, what privilege hath this Booke from eager persecution.

Time. Hee hath requested a sevenfold voyce to speake in his behalfe: and because the superstitious world pinnes all their vitious liues and dispositions to opposite aspect of starres and celestiall bodyes, hee throwes theyr influence vpon them: the age is so vilde as wee belieue Almanackes as the Turkes doe theyr Alcoran; Watch the Planets when they will bring vs good or bad fortune, make theyr vertues the causes of our vices, which he derides in a sharpe and brieve methode, making the Sun by whose motion hee measures me, though hee stand inthroned in the middest of the other, fortune tellers to bee principall speaker to greatest faults of men, vnder whose influence men thinke they are made happy, & from euery one of them shewes a seuerall gouernment and power in the liues of men.

Nature. Then must the world except learning, if this be questioned: but I make no question but sound and well affecting Readers, such as desire to see desert and good arts flourish, will be ready to aunswere for the worke it selfe, and I thinke himselfe writte it with the like resolution.

Time. I haue heard him say, that hee stands so armed against the detraction and scoffing basenesse of ordinarie Writers, or the Table-talke of any prating Criticke at an Ordinarie; that he neuer desires so poor a temptation to struggle with, as the scurrile opinions of
of

A Dialogue betweene Nature and Time.

of common and vulgar bablers: and when that time,
or some happy oportunitie of my glasse shall a little
better his proceedings with some memorable inuenti-
on: he hath ingaged his labours thus to me, in spight
of the world, that neyther my deuouring proceſſe of
howres, nor any iniurie of men shall eate them out: so
little he esteemes the malice of men or ages. Then na-
ture let vs both ioyne in a louing ioy, that yet wee
haue brought forth this resolu'd Artist: for, I know
him, that hee neyther feares the World, flatters great-
nesse, is afraide of Vice, beginnes thus
well, and protests a great discouery of
vnknown Reuelations of better
things: Wee hope the
best, Now vse we the
Booke.

THE



A Dwarfish Satyre.

A Satyre sharpe and sweete, tastes like a Cherry,
It ch·areth wisdome, and doth make wit merry,
It cooles hot Blouds, and (like a Phisicke potion)
Corrects w lde humours in their gadding motion.
It tells the world her owne, that well it can
Discerne a Satyre from no honest man :
It may be sowre alone, and ill compos'd;
Then it offends both well and ill dispos'd.
Or, onely sweet and smouth; and then it is
Vnlike a Satyre: so, as much amisse :
But (Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe) the Satyre should
Bee sweetely sharpe, and with it, sagely hold.
No Ballad-stile, no straine of vulgar stretch
Should come, but to be worryed in his reach.
Satyres doe vse the Fang, and not the whippe,
But Beggars-Beadles vse to whippe and strippe.
A Satyrs Grinders scorne to scarre the skin:
But make small meale of greatest bones within :
And if he catch a whipper in his way,
That stiles himselfe a Satyre, him hee'l slay
With his fore-tusses; and, in sport, undoo
The Sotte, a Satyre, and a whipper too.
Then, sottish Satyre, byte, and spare the whippe,
Els, like a scourge, my Fang shall make thee skippe.



TO THE COVRTEOUS AND
Iudicious Reader.



Howe ere thou art, that art intellectu-
all, be thou my Organist, and let
thy soule, which with Philoso-
phers is but a harmonie, keepe
time with this Muscall maske of
the Spheares. I haue laboured
here to present Art and Nature without their vgly
periwigg of obseane and shallow Poetry, and haue
distinguisht the confusion of time from a graue and
methodical dialect. How poore and naked doth that
labour appeare, that hath no other clothes, but the fu-
stian of Apes, and base imitation: how like a Bedlam
looks a Poet by nature, that neuer writes but in full
Moones of surfets, and Bacchanalian quotations of
young Gentlemens ruins and dice consuming Lord-
ships: how poore a Graduate is learning, whē it keeps
acts in *tenebris*, & murders the Presse with felonious
Pamphlets stolne frō the imperfections of their dee-
rest friends, nay, purloined frō their own scabbed dis-
positions, and vlcereous inclinations: I must confesse
my selfe to bee a sorrowfull patient in my owne de-
fects, yet a phisicall proficient in their remedies. I
take no pleasure in the incision of other men. Onely

The Epistle to the Reader.

I reade an Anatomic leſtor of their vices. Comment vpon me with iudgement, not cenſure, and thou ſhalt find thy ſoule brimfull of emulation, but void of enuie: for others that are not borne with a generous infuſion, I hold with *Galen*, that the temperament of their ſoules, followes the temperament of their groſſe and ſottiſh bodies; and therefore baſely vncapable.

Thine as thy iudgement is.

R. A.



IN SATYRAS DIGNISSIMAS

et vere Phylosophicas amici sui verissimi

Roberti Anton.

INcipe, sis primus sophiæ, qui mystica iura
In Satyras vertens crimina vera canit,
Phylosophus verus sis: nomenis *ellumon* inde
Sit: tibi sum *philos*, mihi tu (*chare*) *sophos*.

To his ingenious friend. R. A.

DEesert and praise are Twins. The first being quicke,
The second still is so; or if it die,
Then is the first too sound, or also too sicke,
And so may dye in grace, or Enuies eye.
But this with wonder in my stomacke stickes,
That Satyrs wrapt but in base Balladrie
Are praisd beyond the moone (of lunatickes)
As being sun-begot; so cannot die.
Needs must I hugge the Muse, and praise the pen
Of him, that makes his Satires dance a brall
Vnto the musicke of the spheares, euen then
when as the planets footed it withall:
Thou sharply singst, but he the burden beares,
That would haue songe more sharpe but for his cares.

I. D.



TO THE AVTHOR.

Well may we praise those books, that bring vs store
Of profit with their pleasure: here to fore
Th'art of Astronomie was such tough meate,
It almost broke our teeth, ere we could eate.
But thou with quaint and curious dressing hast
Made it melt now like honey in the tast.
And sith heauen's so farre, as none easily may
Goe thither (for 'tis uphill all the way)
Thou, to saue vs the paine, of traueilling, thus
(Iudicious writer) bringst the heauens to vs;
Makst the starres serue as letters, by which we
May reade the secrets of Astronomie.

Yet winn'st thou not (graue tutor) more respect
When thou didst teach, then when thou dost correct.
The golden age is past, iron the worst
Is onely left, and that's halfe eate with rust:
Rough files and corsiue waters, onely may
(For oyle does no good) fetch this rust away,
well therefore hast thou chose, with Satyricke rimes,
To whip and fetch blood from these Bedlam times,
So wise Physitians, when they see bad blood,
Open a veine, that they may make it good,



THE PHILOSOPHERS SEVEN

Satyrs, aluding to the seuen Planets.
And first of his Section of
heauen.

THere was a *time* before all *time* begun,
VVhen the proud *Iennets* of the radiant *Sunne*
VVere scarce deliuered from the *wombe* of night,
And backt by *circular motion*, when all *light*,
Soiourn'd with *darknesse*, and this *glorious ball*
Had neither *forme* nor *soule Angelicall*,
To moue those *orbes* aboue. as some propound
With *rauisling musicke*, or such *heauenly sound*,
As that great *distance* of those *rowling spheares*,
Barres from the *organs* of all *humane eares*,
VVhen neither *Sea*, nor *land* coopt in a *ring*,
Kept their *conseruatiue place*, nor any thing
Had an *essentiall forme*, or *element*,
Circle or *Center* had true *complement*
Of *Art* or *nature*: but when *heauen* and *earth*
Had from *confusions bowels* knawne the *birth*
Of this faire *Child* nam'd *Cosmos*, the *Mouers eie*
Distinguisht this faire *obiect* of the *skie*
From his *disordred masse* with all this *globe*,
And suted it in farre more formall *robe*.
Of *quantitie* and *figure*. Then began

Pithagoras,
his opinion.

The Philosophers Section

The end of Man. All lights to light the *Makers darling (MAN:)*
For which indeer'd creation and respect
This *Microcosme* of man was made erect
With vpright *speculation*, lineally
To view this rich imbrodred *Cannopic*
Of those *Cælestiall bodies*; and begin
Anaxagoras. Principle. To crie, *Heauen* is my *Countrie*, *Earth* my *Inne*:
But leauing him to *Heauen*, of *Earth* we sing,
As being of the *world*, the perfects thing
In the *Creations wonder*, and the end
Of our *aspiring hopes*, which we ascend,
As to our *locall blisse*, and *naturall place*,
To end euen there, where neuer ended *grace*.

Of Heauen.

Motus rapidus, Or contrary motion. **T**His glorious globe of *heauens* resplendent ball,
Trapt richly with his *lights pontificall*.
Fountaine of motion, by which euery *starre*
Is whirld from *East* to *west* orbicular
In foure and twentie *houres*, as *Shepheards* say,
Trotting the circuite of the *naturall day*,
Is of no *frame* nor *forme* geometricall,
But round of *body*, and as *Sphericall*,
As the *Egyptian Sages* did compare
The *winding Snake* vnto the *circled yeere*:
Plinie lib. 1. For of all *figures* this doth best appeare,
Euery way shewing a iust *hemisphære*,
Bending vpon it selfe: most capable
To comprehend this *frame* so *strong* and *able*
To bouldster vp this *loade*, and *ponderous frame*,
As it hath neither *ioyns*, but still the *same*:

Keeping

of Heauen

Keeping his actiue body aply found
As it is *iointlesse, pointlesse, endlesse, round:*
Now whether this pure *quintessence* of nature
Be euerliuing, or a dying creature:
Or whether that *diuine intelligence*,
That giues to *heau'n* his turning excellence
Giue *essence*, or *assistance*, as without,
The *soule* that moues it, it were still from doubt
Of what we call it now, as *ships* that scowre
The *Oceans* curled *billowes*, by the powre
And cunning of the *Pilote*: eu'n to that *clime*
Where that great *idoll gold*, *saint* of the time,
To whom the *Indian Pilgrimes* sacrifice
Such three yeares *Hecatombs* of *widowes* cries,
Speaking in *golden Oracles* of *droffe*,
The *Brusses* murmure and the *Mariners* losse,
And yet at last returne with crazed *slides*,
With *grasse-greene ribs* furd with tempestuous *tides*
With *two* or *three* aliue, the *Pilotes* hand
Guiding the sickely *vessell* to the land,
By which we see his *forme* and *name* he saues,
Although the *Pilotes* motion plowes the *waues*
With *card* and *compasse*: so in *naturall sense*
Heau'n takes no forme from his *intelligence*,
Which onely, like a *Pilote* sweetly steeres
The harmony of *nature* in the *spheares*:
With powre assistent, and their *motions* carrie
With certaine *lawes*, and *statutes* voluntarie,
That as when euery *element* doth striue
To moue vnto his *place conseruatiue*:
As being so imperfect and so base,
That they must *pine* and *die* without a *place*

ut nauta nauis
ita intelligentia
in caeli. Zab.
lib. de motu
caeli.
Scalig. excer.
68. Sect. I.

And

The Philosophers fifth Section

And locall conseruation, yet is heau'n a creature
Heauenneeds Of such a perfect quintessense of nature,
no place of That it esteemes not place for conseruation,
conseruation. But to another end of generation,
Sol & homo Moues with his powerfull influence: whence began
generat ho- Our Schooles to ring the sun and man get man:
minem, But leauing these to treade the thornie maze
Of Schoole-cram'd *Sophistrie*: againe we raise
Our haughtie *Muse* to flie with sollid wings,
And search with *starres* and *subcelestiall things*:
For since we see, that by the *loadstones* might
The yron age is drawne; where with delight,
The readers eye doth fanfie, and men's wits
Like *Bagpipes* sound, no sound but pleasant fits:
We are resolu'd to plucke such fruits from schooles,
And once to please *Physitians*, *knaues* and *fooles*:
For to all these I know our booke shall come:
Packe *Doctor* to thy *urine*, and be dumbe
The sottish *Empericke*, onely *fooles* haue land,
And so haue *courtrey-knights*: these, these command
The *Muses* sonnes with an idolatrous knee
To pray to *Angels*, or a noble fee
Of some poore *Pamphlet*. Hence *bastards* to your fire:
Whilest we reuiue our quicke *Promothean* fire:
The number of these turning *spheares* of heauen,
Some say but *nine*, others affirme *eleuen*:
Which all *Diuines* more full of holy fire
Nam'd sacred *Hirarchies*: where the blest quier
Of heavenly *Angels* and true *Martirs* rides
That with *triumphant wreaths* shall iudge the tribes.
The order of the *Orbes celestiall*
Are numbred thus: the first *imperiall*

*Ptolomies
opinion.*

of Heauen.

So called of the *Greekes*, as being a place
Most full of *holy light* and *Angels grace*,
Whose blessed soules from passion doe suruiue
Their substance onely being definitiue :
Not *circumscriptiue* as our bodies be,
With the *aires* cincture or *concauitie*,
Their *bodies* free from any locall *span*,
Of *grose dimensions*, or *precinctes* of *man*;
And therefore in one *bodie* *spirits* dwell
All in one *place*, more then large *Art* can tell :
For round about the iust *mans* *life* and *merits*,
Million of *Angels*, and bright flaming *spirits*,
Shall at one *time*, and in one *place* vnite,
Their most regardant *powers* *infinite*,
And vnextended in our *bodies* moue,
With *subtill motion* from their *place* aboue,
Either to *saue* with a *protectors* will,
Heauens glorious *darling*, or by their *power* distill,
With *whippes* of *vengeance* by their *power* diuine,
In *Legions* name possessing *men* and *swine*.
This *Heauen* the seate of those most happie *soules*,
Whose *summum bonum* all true *blisse* enrowles,
Was that *third heauen*, whose glorious *excellence*
Most sweetly rauisht *Pauls* admiring *sence*
That steept in *Læthe* of so blest a *trice*,
He prayes to be disolued to *Paradice* :
And gorg'd with holy *raptures* full of *grace*,
He sings th' *Abyssse* *blisse* riches of that *place*.
The *second*, is the *primum mobile*,
So called by *Sages* in *Philosophie*,
Because, as from so cleare and christall *spring*
Proceeds the *birth*, *death*, *motion* of each *thing*,

Empyros.
Arist.
Aquinas his
opinion.

Math. Ch. 5.

In this hea-
uen Paul was
rapt.

The Phylosophers section

Being the first, that in his iust *Carrere*,
Deriues all *motion* to each second *Spheare*,
And yet himselfe in *golden meane* doth ride
Equall in *motion*, like the sacred *guide*
Of some *prime reuerent Prelat*, whose great *Sea*
Is mou'd with haueonly *Regularite*,
Diuine in *motion*, and *Diuine* in *place*:
Free of his learned *influence*, rich in *grace*:
Oh pardon me dull *age*, if I proclaime
His venerable *life*, more then his *name*
Suparlatiuey gracious, barke *Heriticks* to see.
Such *Metropolitan uniformitie*,
VWhilest your great *fisherman* in *Tibers* flood
Shall moue in *purple streames* of royall blood,
And with *disorderd orders* turne the *keyes*
To locke young fooles in *Limbo*: and with ease
Martyr a fond *Apostate*, who reconcild
By a graue goate-like *father* liues exild,
In some *Sulphureous troope* of *Iesuites*:
Whose *powder-treason-Collidges* inuites
A *Tiborne resolution*: whether *sent* or *come*
Dies *Traitors* here, and halter *Saints* at *Rome*:
But with a certaine *order*, moues our *heau'n*,
Not *swift* nor *slow*, but *paraleld* and *euen*:
From whence we truly *know*, and can *define*
Her *motion* *heauenly*, and write it in the *line*
Of *Orthodoxall faith*: which moouing stands
On *Peters rocke*, and not on *Peters Sands*.
The third in order of these *things Diuine*,
Is that *bright heauen* transparent, *Christaline*,
Hauing no *twinkling starre*, or *glistering pride*,
But like some *waterie body* clarified,

From

of Heauen.

From whence some say, that when the world was made,
And that great *Elohim* the globes bases laid,
Dispersing darkenesse, and the tenebrous night
To formes of *beautie*, and celestiall light,
That then his mightie Spirit heauen did moue
To seperate thole waters from about
From these below : and to this element,
To place his likenesse in the firmament :
For since we see, that seaes with earth compare,
And heauen with earth in things that likely are.
The earth brings forth the dog, the foemie maine,
And Heauen it selfe equiuocates the same,
When with his singing and canicular beames
He bakes the earth, and dries the Christall streames :
And therefore with *Harmonious* consent,
Heauen hath proportion to this Element.
And thus we reade in natures Characters
Like liues with like to shun intestine warres.
The fourth heauen is that glorious spangled globe
Emboist with starres, and like a gorgeous robe,
Purl'd ore with natures Ape, and Zany-art
Trailes downe his starrie traine, and doth impart
Day to black night, and with his groue of starres,
(Like candles) shine to wind wrackt Marriners,
Some fixt, some wandring in their tinsell'd Orbe :
Whose number fixt, *Philosophers* record,
To be one thousand two and twentie cleare,
Well knowne vnto the Sea-cust Mariner.
By these the iocund Boateson at first sight,
Soust with the *Ruffin* seaes, and scratch with might,
Whistle a maine, and from the hatches skip,
The nimble *squires* of the dancing ship,
And fearelesse kick the billowes with disdain,
Tearing the curled bowels of the maine.

Genes. I.

*Parescum-
paribus.*

The Phylosophers section

These giue propension to each mans defects,
And by their fatall influence and aspects
Besides that vniuersall prouidence,
On whose great nod depends each consequence
Of second causes: from their crittick powers
At *Cæsars* birth acts *Cæsars* tragick howers.
But if their kind coniunctions smiling meete
Our first natiuitie, and with a sweet
And Iouiall dalliance in a golden shower.
Kindly imbrace our first conceptions hower,
Then shall *Augustus*, though but meane by birth,
Sway seuen hill'd *Rome*, and taxe the verge of earth.
Foot-boyes shall pearch with *Kings*, & *Tanners* ride
On great *Seianus* courser side by side
With some most Lordly *Consull*: *Reare* mice flie
By daylight with the *Eagles* maiestie,
And will not reason mount *Agathocles*
(The *Potters* sonne) to the *Piramides*
Of honour and high state: what vertue marres,
And hates in fooles shall prosper by their starres:
Yet feare not thou, whose crabbed fate suspends
Thy fortune progresse, and whose learned ends
Aimes at eternitie, though whipt with need
And dogged censure; and whose wounds doe bleed
With times incision sterne authoritie
Dissecting Arts like an *Anotomie*,
Reading their physick lectures to the eares
Of our contempts to greatnesse, great in feares
And pale suspects, who icalious of deserts,
Doe Sepulcher aliue both *Armes* and *Artes*
For thou in spight of their maleuolent rage,
Times simony, and furie of the Age,
Eclipses, and all Planetarie hate,
Like a *Byssextile*-yeere shalt leape thy fate:

of Heaven

Wise men like *sluces* in the plague of warres,
Were made to rule, those onely rule the *starres*,
Nor can base *Gypsies* tell them of their fate:
Impostors, with their *figures* calculate
Of *blacke futuritie*: *Astrologie diuine*
The *ascendent* fortune of their *heauenly signe*:
For *wise men* are not borne as *Midwines* be,
To waite on luckie *howres*, or for the fee,
Of *Bisket influence*, their *vertue* barres
The superstition of such gossipping *starres*.
But more then *man*, his *reason* rules the *skies*,
His *manhood* shares a *godhead*, that is wise:
In this faire *starrie Mirrour* of the *skie*,
Dantaskt with *beautie* and *varietie*
Of thousand *constellations*, whose cleare *flames*,
Are knowne in *maps* by their *celestiall names*:
For there the faire *Oryon* and the *Beare*,
Maior and *Minor* grace this *hemispheare*,
Swift *Pegasus* and *Perseus* (radiant light)
Burnish the tan'd face of the *blackemores night*:
Bright *Cassiopeia* and *Ioues Eagles shines*,
Besides the *constellations* of the *signes*,
Which euery *foole* in *Physicke* can make good,
Their vse in *purges*, *pills*, and *letting blood*.
And euery *Almanacke* druggest poorely read,
Can tell what witleffe *signe* raignes in his head.
But leauing these beyond their *yearely date*
To smoke an *Indian sulphure*, we create
Againe our hallowed *Altars*, and in *fires*
Of *morrall vowes* our sacred *Muse* aspires.
Tell me thou graue and mightie *Stagerite*
Oraculous *Schooleman*, whose deluding light
The lothsome *Epicure* and horrid sect
Of damned *Atheisme* foilow with direct

Sapiens do-
minabitur
Astris.

The Phylosopher section

*Aist. lib. 1.
de cælo.
The world
is eternall.*

And eager sent : what *genius* could deuise,
To spread so large, such monstrous *heresies*,
That euen besides graue *Orpheus*, and the rest,
Proclus and *Plinie*, and the learned brest
Of sharpe *Auerroes*, *Christian Atheists* crie,
The world's eternall, and shall neuer die,
VVhen by the state of *starres* we may discrie,
The world's firme ruin and *mortalitie*.
And *Platoes* creature hauing life and breath
As they decline, shall languish vnto death.
And as a crazed bodie full of howers,
Renders his siluer head, and vitall powers,
(His radical moisture spent, and euery part,
Gaspig for motion, from the panting hart)
To natures dissolution : so shall passe
Both *heauen* and *earth* vnto their pristine *Mars*,
Although some say, that this great *Continent*,
And all this glorious guilt-hatcht *firmament*
Shall change his forme, and accidentall frame,
Although the part *substantiall* be the same,
Alleaging for their weake *Philosophie*,
This sacred place of sweet *diuinitie*.
Yet by the fall of *starres* our reasons prooue
A totall wrack of *earth* and *heauen* aboue.
For first we see the Sunne, whose bright *Carrier*
Trots through the ring of *time*, and dates the yeer
In his diurnall *progresse* : now declines,
More neere the *earth*, then in the former *times*,
VVhen learned *Ptolome* obserued the *starres*,
Their *houses*, *signes*, and different *characters*.
Cheering old *Ops*, now doting with long *daies*,
VVith cordiall flames, and charitable *rayes*,
That else in this *consumption* would expire,
VVanting so bright a *Nurse*, whose cheering fire
Restores

of Heaven

Restores her health with his *preservative cure*,
Adding new *life* to her old *temperature*:
Besides infection of each *element*,
Corruption of the purest *temperament*:
Physitions now turne *Satyrs*, and complain,
That *nature* is a stepdame in the *frame*
Of this last *Age*: when croking *Rauens* sing,
Their liues large *Charter* merrier then a *king*.
The stately *Stag* a hundred yeares shall graze,
But man to *wormes meate* turnes in fewer *dayes*:
Pigmies for *Gyants*, that with *Babell power*
Were wont to scale the high *Olympiade Tower*,
And wrastle with the *Gods*: now *dwarfes* are borne,
Ne're made to fight, but made to *natures* scorne:
The *Arcadian Kings* two hundred yeares did liue,
But now the thriftie *heauens* doe scarcely giue
Halfe of that *pension* to the noblest *man*,
His *grau*e but *sixe foot long*, his *life* a *span*:
VWhich shewes the *world* corrupted from his best,
Declines his settling *progresse* to the *west*;
For since all things from their sincere *creation*
Couet *absurdities* in *generation*:
And euery thing steales to his priuatie end.
Starres fall from their *degrees*, *Planets* descend
To comfort the poore *Centers* feeble *vaines*
Drooping vnto his *Chaos*, with long *paines*
And aged barrenesse: *man* that *noble creature*,
Scanted of *time*, and stinted by weake *nature*,
That in foretimes saw *Iubiles* of *yeares*,
As by *Endimions* historie appeares:
Nay, which is more, even *filly women* then,
Liue longer time, then our *grau*e *graye beard men*:
Aged *Terentia* learned *Tullies* wife,
Aboue an hundred yeares spun out her *life*,

Theophrastus

Plinie.

Vntill

The Phylosopher section

Plin.lib.3.

Vntill her reuerent scalpe with *siluer eares*
Shewd like a *winters frost* with *snow-white haires*
The great historian *Plinie* doth report
Of a *Commedian vice*, that in such sort,
Euen at a hundred *yeares* frosted with age,
In *Pompeys Theater* acted on the stage,
And with such spirited *action* grac't the *Scean*,
As without *randing* in a golden meane
The aged *woman* so performde her part,
That ruinde *nature* seem'd new borne by *Art*.
If then all *parts* of this great *world* decline,
Fond *Atheist* tell me, how the *world's* diuine:
Since *starres* remoue, and *bodies* stellified,
With an obortiuie *slip* are quallified.
And all things with an vniuerfall crie
Feeles *natures* *throwes* proofes sensible to die:
Kings to their *Sacrophagus* shall returne,
As sure as *Seriants* with the *world* shall burne:
But now from fixed *starres* to *wandering light*,
Regents of day and *harbingers* of night,
On whose *aspects* each *clubfoot wretch* complains,
We tune our *Muses* note to loftie *straines*
To whom the *crooke* fac't *Indian* & the *Moore*,
In orientall *maiestie* adore:
The prowd *Exchangeman* that with *eager hate*
Cuts the *burnt line* to gaine a *golden fate*
By the great *Henchman* of the glorious day,
Laden with *Ingots* plowes the *brinie way*
From *three yeares* *stubborne labour* to the port
Of his owne *natiue soyle* to *sing* and *sport*,
That to the *humming Burs* he may relate,
The *sunne burnt pallace* of thy *easterne state*,
Bright *influence* keepe *time*, that whilst I sing
Thy fierie *stallions* iet the *Zodiakes* ring.

THE PHILOSOPHERS FIRST

Satyre of the Sunne. ○

*I dare not dedicate : this Satyr sings
High as this Planet : points at onely Kings.*

Great heart, of this great world, that do't inspire
Each vegetable, with a vitall fire:
Monarch of mines, confessor to the day,
By whom the rheumes of night dissolue away
By their *Cimmerian pennance*; that bids good morne
To euery wren that sings, or man that's borne:
Thou, that bestow'st a pension of thy light,
(Like a true noble master, to whose might
An actiue will concurs) to euery groome,
That serues in office of a Planets roome:
Thou, whose attendants, are fixt radiant stars,
Well quallified; not enuious followers
Of thy great fortunes, more then they admire
The vertues, not the greatnesse of thy fire:
Vnlike most great-men, poore in rich degrees;
When their men loue his fortunes; more his fees:
And most attend (as doth a weathercockes vaine)
A gale of sutes, then a right noble traine:
Such as the glorious Sunne (the worlds bright eie),
Rides circuit, with his guard of maiestie:
Which since his Kingly beames all things create,
Of Kings wee le sing, and moralize his state:
If busie Bees, in Hieroglyphicks sing,
Platoes great common-wealth: and teach a King,

D

The

The *politicks* of *state*, that from their *hive*,
 Distill sweet *maximes*, how great *Kingdomes* thrive,
 Their stingleffe *King*, that raignes in sweete *increase*,
 Swarming in *Nectar* d *prouinces* of *peace* :
 Which when his *honey-grace*, in *progresse* flies,
 A busie *guard*, with *Argus* ieaious *eies*,
 Attends their dailie-*King* : in which we see,
Kings supream *heads*, what *subiects* ought to bee :
 If then this fillie *emblem*, in disguise,
 And more sententious *clouds* can moralize,
 Such high *occurrences*, and intricate,
 To tutor *Solon* in *affaires* of *State* :
 What fearefull *palsie* should my *pen* confine,
 Since the *sunne's* like a *King* : *Kings*, *Sunne-like* shine?
 For, marke ; the more this *kingly* *planet* goes
 To his *meridian Zenith*, the more he throwes
 His *warmth* vpon vs ; and the more erect,
 In his bright *Noone-carreer*, he doth reflect
 His *beames* in double *lines*, the more doth spring
 And prosper *Mines*, *Plants*, each *vegetiue* thing :
 Likewise to *Kings*, such *vertue* we applie,
 Whose *Royall* *progresse* of true *Regencie*,
 In his *meridian lustre*, is desir'd
 Still to runne higher, and to rule admir'd,
 Not fear'd, but lou'd ; a happie prop of *state* ;
Loue ties *allegeance* ; feare, (but to *God*) is hate :
 Yet godly feare and loue to *Kings* we owne ;
 Who feares not them, for *iustice* can loue none :
 Eu'n *Apes* at full-moone dance ; then why not more,
subiects at fuller glory, *Kings* adore :
 He whose *foxt* *sense*, of *innouations* dreames,
 May he wish *light* ; but die in darke *extreams* :

Cic. Odimus

quos timemus.

No longer shall our *peacefull shadowes* runne,
 When in an equall *circle*, rides our *Sunne* :
 Which, while there is a *Sunne* to measure *time*,
 May our *Sunne* shine, within this *Brittish Clime* :
 And with his *Royall race*, run through the *Signes*
 Of *Envy* and *blacke treason*, of the *times* :
 As at his *birth*, *Dame nature* hath exprest,
 Bearing the *Signe* of *Leo* in his *Crest* :
 For by old *sawes* in *prophecies* foretold
 The coming of this *Northerne Lion* bold :
 The *Signe* of *Scorpio*, and the *Vipers-brood*,
Gowries blacke treason euer shal make good :
 And that, which last, this *fatall signe* doth tell,
 Was that *Sulphureous practice*, hatcht in *hell*,
 Which since our *Sun* hath past; swimme *Peters keies*
 In *Tibers* flood of your damn'd *treacheries*.
 Since in the voice of *God*, the *people* crie,
 Liue still our radiant *Sunne* of *Maiestie* :
 And measure out the *Autum*, *winter*, *Spring*,
 In *Libra's* *Signe* : 'tis *Iustice* crownes a *King* :
 Giue *light* and *motion*, vnto each *degree*,
 Onely retaine thy influence *vprightly*.
 But those, like *Artelesse masters*, doe commence
Masters of *Art*, though not *Arts* excellence :
 Yet, like the *Sunne*, *Kings* may their *beames* disperse,
 With generall *freeneesse* to the *uniuerse* :
 And shine on *common weedes*, and *fragrant flowers*,
Poore ruin'd houses : and more *loftie Towers* :
 Giue life to *insect creatures*, and create,
 Of things corrupted, things to generate :
 There's not a *Flie*, a *waspe*, a *Scarabee*,
 But shares the *Sunne*, with *Cesars* *maiestie* :

Vox populi
 vox Dei.

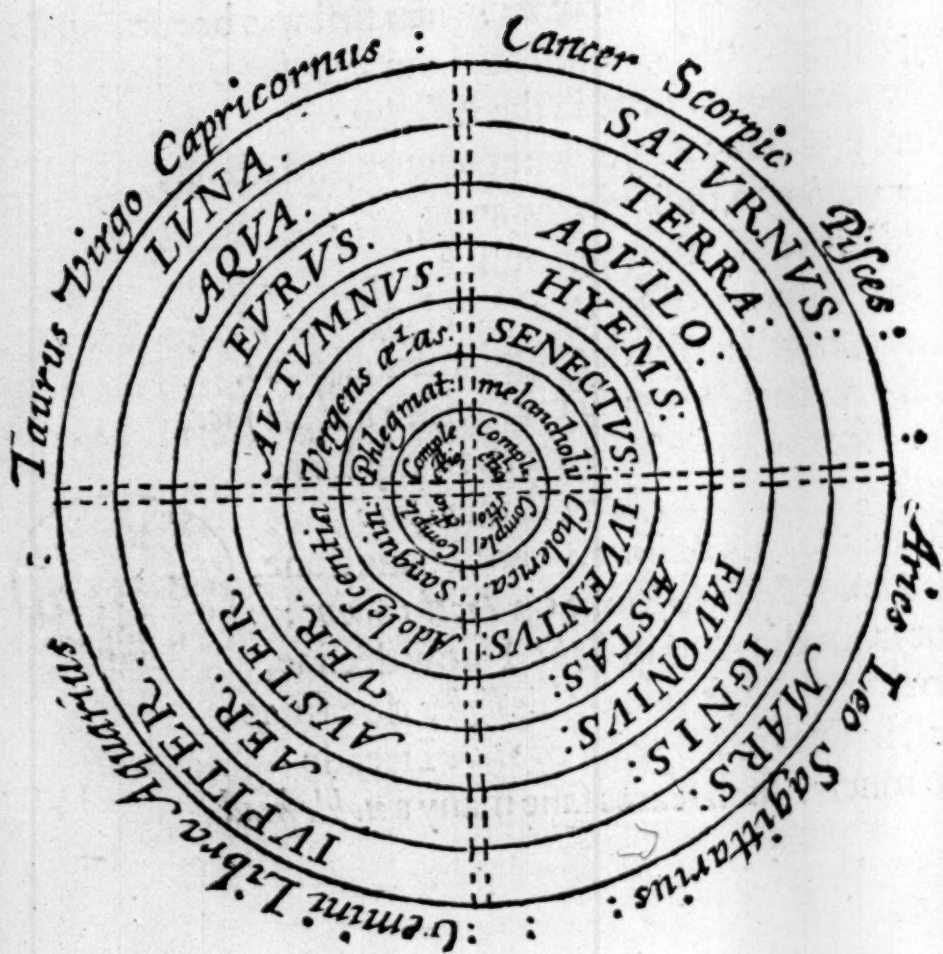
Corruptio v-
 nus, genera-
 tio alterius.

Since then, the *Sunne-beames* are diffus'd to all,
 And to the barbarous *Moore*, and *Christian* fall
 In direct equall *lines*: what *foole*, precise,
 Can question his free *beautie* how to rise:
 If *Oracles* on *Socrates* bestow
 A *golden Triuet*: who dare answere no.
Princes are *Oracles*, from whom no *cause*,
 Can be demanded, onely *willes* are *lawes*:
Sunnes vnconfi'd, to shine where they shall please,
 To hide-*scorcht Indians*: or the *Antipodes*:
 Yet were they *Gods*, and infinite to *sense*,
 Vntide to *circles*; or *circumference*
 Of mortall *limitation*: being *diuine*,
 Yet there are some *things*, that eu'n them confine
 From absolute *freedome*: as not to haue a will,
 To couet *contradictions*, or doe ill;
 Both which, so stint the *uniuersall* grace
 To perfect *actions*: that it leaues no place
 To vnproportion'd *freedome*: which in *Kings*,
 Infinite in power, finite *conditions* brings:
 Besides, the *Sunne*, doth grace this *Hemisphære*
 With *Oriental* *beautie*, bright and cleare:
 So, when our *Brittish Sunne*, rose from his *East*,
 His *Kingly beames*, with triple honours blest,
 Burnisht our *musted darknesse*, with such *rayes*,
 As gaue a spritefull length, to our *blacke dayes*:
 The *troubled ayre*, ingross't with *Icie-feares*,
 Daun't at the musick, of the iocund *sphæares*:
 That then, if er'e *Pythagoras* did not lie,
 In *Diapasons*, kept true *harmonie*:
 Full *constellations*, in his *issue* shine,
 Whose sweete *reflection*, euen to wealthie *Rhine*:

So

So dazels *admirations* feeble *sense*,
 As if the *Sunne* paid vse for *influence*
 From this bright *treasure*: and so, bankrout, runne,
 That *yeeres*, and *daies*, exchang'd for such a *Sunne*:
 Whose *beames*, so furnisht *forraine climes* with *light*,
 That there our *morning-starre*, chaste vgly *night*
 To his first *blacke confusion*: and the *morne*
 Laught with a *roasie-cheeke*: when first was borne
Light, from our *light*: still may our *new hopes* shine,
 Like *fixed starres* orbd in the *Palatine*:
 Here could my *Muse* turne *Courtier*, and direct,
 Her *motion*, to their *motion* and *aspect*:
 And with a glozing *quill* insinuate,
 Into the breast of *greatnesse*, and of *state*:
 And (*Ianus-like*) with complementall *grace*,
 Gaze on these *sunne-beames*, with a *dubble face*.
 But that my *dutie*, bids me shew my *hart*;
Ladies, not *Subiects faces*, studie *Art*:
 Which in this zealous *Morall*, I haue done,
 By *Iacobs-staffe*, to looke on *Iacobs Sonne*:
 But from the *King of light* I now decline,
 To sing of *lights*, that by his *lights* doe shine:
 Lest in this ticklish point of *State* I treade
 To much: such feares saue many a *noble head*.

The beauti-
 ous Princeesse
 Elizabeth.

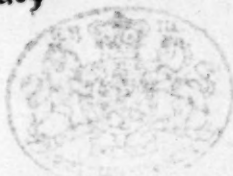


REVERENDISSIMO IN CHRISTO

Patri Domino Archiepiscopo, totius Angliæ Primo

& Metropolitano, *faustam & inexhaustam**precatur, musarum par pusillus,**Robertus Anton,*

Salutem in Domino.



Of Saturne. 7



Euerentie tue, sanæ cōscientiæ, fidei, et ceteris virtutis tue dotibus deuotissimus; minutissimus ego huius mundi atomus, gratiæ tuæ solare iubar iubeo saluere. Inter tantam huius venenose atatis caligantem miseriam, ecce quam diaphanum et perspicuum apparet tuæ virtutis lumen, inter tantas et prodigiosas honoris eclipses, et defectus, sphaera tui solis nullam patitur vim, aut conscientiæ, aut fame: sed apud antipodes, et homines ecclesiæ oppositos, maximam consequitur laudem; et aeternum memoriæ obeliscum. O gloriosum monumentū, quod nec æs Cyprium, sed virtutis extruxit artificiū: sed ò tempora (clamant aulici) de veneno! Causidici de iure corrupto! Clerici de beneficio! Quis Iupiter hæc suspiria demulcet? sunt hæc mortalium communia (absit) ut sint prodigia in hac catholica lacrymarum Abyssō sympathia quadā patior ego Academicus, quis satyromastix mordicus, non erit impatiens? cū monstra hæc cū tanto strepitu tam horrendum emittunt fatum; et terra, cum cælo patitur violentiam: heu quanta patimur! cum musarum alumni fulmine hoc attoniti obstupefcimus: modulamur lepide, viuimus misere: non vbera porrigit mater

ter Academia: ut nobis apud ecclesiasticos dari vacuum; apud philosophos nequaquam clamitant vulgi, non esse motum generationis, sed corruptionis: hæc communis glossa populi; hinc lachryme nostræ; hinc singultus, et gemitus virtutis penè sepultæ: quæ adeo squalida, et pannosa apparet: ut nulla fides fronti: Asylum tuum inter hæc efflagito: tu qui Atheis strenue effulges obstaculum, mihi ad sis et opusculo, propugnaculum, quod scripsi, tua venerabili, et paterna indulgentia, nullam patietur apostasiam, aut authorem suum abnegabit: lurida ætas suaviorem non meretur fabulam, aut cantilenam; quam vitiosam illius corruptelam acetoso plectro profligare; cetera sileo: supplex pro tua in terris vita, in cælis corona, militans ego non triumphans in philosophos finem impono.

Gratie tuæ et summe pietati deuotissimus

Robertus Anton.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHERS SECOND

Satyr of Saturne. ʒ

THe next about this kingly *Planets* place,
 Highest of all, is *Saturn's* sullen face:
 Pale, and of *ashie* colour, male content;
 A *Catelline*, to mortall *temperament*:
 That would blow vp the *Capitol* of *man*
 With *enuious* influence; melencholy, wan,
 And much resembling, a deepe plodding *pate*,
 Whose fallow *iawbones*, sinke with *wasting* hate
 At others *streames* of *fortunes*; whilst alone
 His shallow *current* dries with lasting *moane*:
 And if there hate be in a heavenly *breast*,
 This *Plannet* with that *furie* is possest;
 Suspending our propention, with bad fate,
 Inspiring *Tragick* plots, of death and hate;
 Torturing our *inclinations* (like a *wrack*)
 To *dismal* proiects, ominous, and black
Prodigious thoughts, and deepe-fetcht treacheries,
 Beating the *skul* with *sullen* phantasies.
 And marke what downe-cast looks we see in Nature,
 This *Planet* fathers for a fatall creature:
 And each profound *plot*, drawne from sullen *earth*,
 From *Saturn's* spirit, is inspir'd with *birth*:
 And yet *Philosophers* affirmed thus,
 That *Saturnists* were most ingenious;
 Who long retaine their great *Italian-hate*,
 Wittie in nothing, but things desperate;
 To glut reuenge, with studious memorie
 Of shallow *wrongs*, or some slight *iniurie*.

Arist. l. 4.
probl. 15.

E

Which

VWhich if this be his wit to study ill,
 Take my *wits* mad-man, leaue me *simple still*:
 Vnder this *dogged starre*, th^e infected moode
 Of discontented *Graduates*, hatch their *broode*,
 Flying like *swallows* from the *winters* frost
 To warme *preferment*, in a forren coast;
 And there vent all their long digested hate
 In *scandalous volumes* gainst the *King* and *State*.
 Flying from *Tarsus* to proud *Niniue*,
Recusants both in *faith* and *loyaltie*;
Apostates in *religion* when they please,
 Brauely to mount the *Crosse*, they crosse the *Seaes*.
 These from this *humorous Planet* suck their *birth*,
 Leauing deepe wounds vpon their mother *earth*:
 What *cause* hath mou'd thee, thou deep *malecontent*,
 To change thy *faith* with the *aires Element*?
 If *Angli*, are cald *Angeli*: Oh, tell,
 Why hath their *pride*, thrown these frō *heauen* to *hel*?
 Is it, because thou hast sung *sweete* in all
 The liberal *Arts*, and now through *want* doost fall?
 Or doost thou wonder at *pluralities*,
Impropriations, or *absurdities*
 Of a *lay Patron*, that doth still present
 An *asse*, before a *grand proficient*?
 Why, maruell not at these preposterous *crimes*,
 That very *Heathen men* in former *times*
 Haue scoft at, in excessse of bitter *iest*,
 And like true prophets thus these *times* exprest:
 Giue to thy *Cooke* (saith th'one) full *twenty pound*;
 To thy *foole ten*: but to a man profound,
 As thy *Physitian*, *ten groates* shall suffice:
 Thus, thus appeares a *Scholars* *miserics*.

Animum
cum caelo
mutant.

For should *blind Homer* come to sing his song,
 With *Lyrick sweetnesse*, or the *Muses* tongue;
 Had he all *languages* that first began,
 At the *confusion* to astonish man;
 Yet with a *Coachman*, he durst not contend
 For wages, though *Apollo* stood his friend,
 For thriue they cannot by the *sacred Arts*.
 A *Coachman*, *Taylor*, or the *Faulkeners* parts,
 Dwell in the *breast* of *greatnesse*: but indeed
 Time must haue *changes*, though all *vertue* bleed:
 Yet I could wish to turne the *fullen tide*,
 Of their dull *Planet*, to a rectified
 And more calme *motion*; and a while restraine
 The turbulent *billowes* of their *fullen vaine*,
 With temperat *moderation*; to appease
 In *Halcion-smoothenes*, all those rougher *seas*
 Of *passion*, and sequesterd *discontent*,
 No *aire* so sweet as their owne *Element*:
 As *death* to *fish*, torne from their naturall *place*,
 Expires their waterie *spirits*: in like case,
 That man, that from his naturall *mother* flies,
 Buried in *strangers* earth, his dutie dies;
 Yet time may calme that *hot-spur'd violence*
 Of fugitiue *Saturnists*, as in naturall *sense*
 We see in *heauie bodies*, throwne by force,
 By *strong compulsion*, thwarting natures *course*;
 Chasing the *aire*, with strong *actiuitie*,
 Yet towards his end, the *moouing facultie*,
 Chast with precedent *motion*, faints and dies,
 And in *consumption*, to his center hies.
 Which is the *cause*, why *motions violent*,
 (Their *spirits* spent) creepe to their *Element*,

Zabarell lib.

 I. de motu
 grauium &
 leuium.

Which first were made of *motion*, sith at last
 That *vertue* dies, by which he first was cast
 As farre from his beginning. So *time* shall change
 Their *violent passions*, who are borne to range;
 Transported with a *furious discontent*,
 When all their *Romish witchcrafts* hath neere spent
 Their violent motion, then with deere-bought *paine*,
 They moue vnto their *sweete-aire* once againe.
 Yet trust not to the mercie of the *yeeres*,
 To reconcile, by time, that which appears
Times shame, in thy originall despaire;
 Once fall'n, *heauens* may (but wondrously) repaire:
 For though *relapses*, are not cured with ease,
 He's safe, that meetes his first *spice of disease*:
 Which to preuent, leaue of that *surgerie*,
 That makes your *soule* a bare *Anatomic*;
 And cuts the *flesh*, of your more bleeding land,
 With *Lions hearts*, not with a *Ladies hand*.
 In *poysons*, *counterpoysons* doe contend,
 Rather liue *here* poore, then at *Rome* offend;
 Vse *learning* as a *looking-glasse*, to see
 What others are in thy *infirmities*:
 But not as *burning-glasses* gainst the *Sunne*,
 To force a *fire* to thy *ambition*:
 But as *Archimedes* his cunning plies,
 That by reflection, burnt whole *Argos eies*
 With *artificiall glasses*: so from each hart,
 His *Countries* good, tithes the most *punctuall part*
 Of *Art*, and *Nature*, whose diuident ends,
 Shares euerie man, to *Countrie*, *Kings*, and *Friends*.
 The *seuen wise Sages* of *Philosophie*,
 Whom *golden pages*, keepe in memorie,

Venienti oc-
 currite
 morbo.

Non nobis so-
 lums nati.

In

In spight of *Envy*, crownd *Art* with this *praise*,
 Their *countrys* wore the *Olive*, they the *Bayes*:
 Which shewes, that *Monarchies* or *Policy*
 Diuided into this *triplicity*,
 Then on a *solliid base*, did firmly stand;
 When *Art* was pure *restorative* to their *land*:
 And prickt no *veine*, of their owne *natiue clime*,
 But gaue a temperet *dye* to the *time*:
 Vrging no *forraine nations*, to enforce
 Their *naturall tempers*, crosse to *natures course*:
 Then *learning* florisht, without *sophistry*,
 Or mixture of selfe-pleasing *phantasie*:
Reason, did checke an high opinion'd *minde*,
 And *Schollers*, like some wealthy men define,
 To be but *simplex animall*: that then,
 Like *citizens* now, were held the surest *men*:
Vertue was then a *habit* of the *minde*
 Without *equiuocation*: and confinde,
 To his true *obiect* of *beatitude*,
 Diuided from the *world*, or *multitude*
 Of *popular prayes*: *Arts* did then despise,
 The *secular habits* of great *vanities*:
 Liu'd richly reuerent, in poore simple weeds,
 Without *Monasticke hoods*, did *Saint-like deeds*:
 Had neither *pride*, to enuie, whom doth rise,
 Nor *Patron*, to bestow a *benefice*:
 And did supply poore *nature* with poore *clothes*,
 Dranke when a *thirst*, and eate when *hunger* growes;
 Gaue no *gratuities*, but to present
 A worthlesse *Dunce*, (to *schollers discontent*:)
 And hire a simple *Curate*, scarcely paide,
 With as much *wages*, as a *laundry-mayde*:

Aristocratta.
Democratia.
Monarchia.

Liu'd without grumbling, or ambitious hate,
 And slept contented with an humble fate;
 The *Arts* contemn'd men of high swelling ranks,
 And scarce to *Alexander* would giue thanks,
 For visiting their tub: so much their hate
 Scorn'd the prowd painted sepulchers of state.
 Learning did then liue pure in *Paradice*;
 But since her fall, to pride and avarice,
 And al diseases that infect, the *Arts*
 Do rot and putrifie their knowing parts:
 Since these contagions, learning is possest;
 These make the musicke of a learned brest,
 Iarre in harsh discords, and vnrellisht straines;
 And do corrupt the most refined braines,
 With *Saturnes* snarling spirit, grosse and dull,
 Inspiring rage into a patient skull;
 For when we see, that in the *Muses* chaire,
Midas is Iudge, and vertue must despaire
 Of a right worthy Patron; *Faunius* preach,
 Where once *Apollo* did sweet musicke teach:
Arachne, with *Minerua* doth compare;
Dunces with *Doctors*, and their betters farre:
 This makes the worthy *Artist*, dull and sad,
 And rare deserts, most melancholy mad:
 Yet thus much know you, whose deep *Genius* claims
 The honor of a *Scholler*, not the names:
 When *Iupiter* tooke all the *Arts* of price,
 To heauen with vertue: and left onely vice
 In stead of iustice, and white chastitie;
 Vnto the earth left bribes and symonie:
 Yet in a boxe, he onely hope did spare,
 To wretched man, that neuer leaues him bare.

Another

Another sort of these dull *sectarists*,
 Are our most supercilious *Humorists*:
 Who *Saturnisde* with this vnkinde aspect,
 Goes (as a plodding *Lawyer*) circumspect,
 As though his braine-pan thro'd of some great strain,
 To ride from *Yorke*, to *London* backe againe;
 His eyes looke like two soyled *tablebookes*,
 In which are written most obseruant looks:
 His formall brow, contracted to a frowne;
 Lookes like the *Maior* of some *Puritan* towne,
 Spic'd with austereest *schisme*; that scarce will see
 A *Maypole*, to be nearer *heauen* then hee:
 As sterne as *Socrates*, or *Catoes* grace,
 That ne're was seene, to change their sullen face:
 As crabtree brow'd as *Iudges* at a *Size*,
 That dart their hanging *terrors* from their eyes:
 Profest deepe *politicians*, these we call;
 Yet farre from state, and depth politicall:
 Although their *trauels*, well do vnderstand
 Sweete *Sion*: and the blessed *holy-land*:
Iudeas ruines, and the rased *Towers*
 Of great *Ierusalem*, by *Titus* powers:
 The sacred *relickes* of that *tombe*, they made,
 VVherein our *Sauours* body *Ioseph* laide:
 The worlds *seuen wonders*, whom all times prefer
 To be *Mausolus* stately *sepulcher*.
 Egypts *Pyramides* the second is:
 The third the *Obeliske* of *Semiramis*:
 The fourth, the rich *Colossi* of the *Sonne*,
 At *Rhodes*: the fifth the walls of *Babylon*:
 The sixth, *Dianæs temple* (as appeares)
 That was in building two and twentie yeares:

The *seuenth* and last, was that most curious *frame*,
 Of *Iupiter* Olympus, knowne by *Fame*.
 All which because they can with *points* relate,
 They boldly challenge *eminence* in *state*:
 And walke with mumbling, and a grim neglect,
 As if each *stone* were bound to giue respect,
 With notice of their *trauells*, that haue runne,
 Their *progresse* through the world from *sunne*, to *sun*:
 As if the *state* (like *Gray-hounds*) thought men fit,
 For *footmen*ship, and not for searching wit:
 A *horse* of *Barberie*, that scowers the ground,
 Or *Drake's* fleete *Pinnis*, that did dance the round,
 About the world, in *trauell* can compare
 With the most proudest *traveller*, that dare
 Cut the burnt *line*: or with *Trans-alpine* state,
 Contend in *pilgrimage* with *Coryat*.
 Tis not bare *trauell* that can make men wise,
 But this from *man*, not from the *Climates* rise:
Gold makes not *India* rich, but *India* poore,
 • Sith their *men* want, although their *mines* haue store:
 Though *Alchimy* do beare a glorious *glosse*,
 Compar'd with *gold*, t'is *bullion*, and bale *drosse*:
 Things superficiall, in *state* ne're agree,
 Without dimension of *profunditie*:
Desert, and not *opinion* of their *merit*,
 Shall grace a *Sceane* of *state*: when as the spirit
 Of a true *information* personates
 In liuely *actions*, both to *kings* and *states*,
 Abilitie to shew how *kingdomes* thriue,
 And to be *practicke*, not *contemplatiue*,
 Like *Cesar's* *Parrat*, these can only sound,
Aue to *Cesar*; but in talke profound,

And

And *mazes* of true *politicks* of *State*,
That *towse* graue *heads* with *windings* intricate :
Th'are like the gates of *Myndus*, built so wide,
As if *Diogenes* aloud had cride ;
Ho, *fooles* of *Myndus*, keepe you in those *straites*,
Lest that your *citie* doe runne through your *gates* ;
Lord-like, these *trauell*, and doe spend the time
Onely for *fashions* in a forraine *Clime*,
Without obseruant searching of the *hart*,
Of *nations*, *customes*, or the rationall *part*
Of fundamentall *pollicie* ; and with *fashion*
Are more transform'd, then form'd in their creatiō
Yet, like an antick *mountibanck* commends
The vertue of his *digges* : and then pretends
Experience of his *oyles* farre fetcht from hence ;
How forraine *States* admired his *excellence*,
when he (perhaps) this *taske* did entertaine
For *three* to *one* at his returne againe :
Yet these *Italionated* antick *shapes*,
Transform'd from men to *immitationes* *Apes*,
Like *Hyppocentaures*, or some monstrous *creature*,
Chang'd from pure *English*, to *outlandish* nature :
Or rather, in both *sexes* take delight,
Diuided halfe, like an *Hermophrodite*,
From their owne *fashions*, most doe alienate,
Like monstrous *births*, and *kindes* degenerate :
When their fond *trauell* at the deereſt price,
Brought nothing home, but their ill *fashioned* vice :
Fond-medling-*fooles*, that beare the *character*,
Of that poore-carping, and *base-shoomaker*,
That checks *Apelles* in his curious *frame* ;
Goe not beyond your *last*, lest to your shame,

F

Your

Your sullen *humors* to that *Orbe* aspire,
 Where your *pride* burnes you in your pollitick *fire*.
 Packe to the *center* you dull-pated *slaves*,
 And there in grosse and melancholly *caues*,
 Vie *mischiefs* with your *Planet*, and let *state*
 Be left to him, that shares a worthier *fate*:
 Those, whom bright *honour* and *intelligence*
 Of their *high secrets*, crownes with *reuerence*
 Of age and *folliſh iudgement*: those whose *paines*
 (Like *Chimes* at *midnight seasons*) strikes their *braines*
 With *vigilantest motion*; whose desire,
 Like to a *Glasshouse*, keepes continuall *fire*
 Of zealous *flames*, whose *stately honours* rise,
 Euen from the *ashes* of that *sacrifice*:
 That in whose *Hecatombes* of loyall *blood*,
 Their *Noble houses* euer haue made good,
 Vnto their *Prince* and *Countrie*; such shall ride,
 Like *Ariadnes honours* stellified,
 Throughout the *milke-white circle*, and there shine,
 To *forraine nations* in that *golden line*
 Of *Roman Curtius*; till the *marble hart*
 Of *envie* and *detractiō* breake and part
 From his starr'd *karcas*; and *times Almanack*,
 With *golden Epact*s and *new Moones* doe crack
 The sturdie *ioynts* of *Ephemerides*,
 With yeerely *Sunnes*, and annuall *compasses*:
 Whose *merit*, euen the voice of *God* proclaimes,
 With voice of all the *people*, in the names
 Of our most reuerent *Senate*; in which *place*
 Our graue *Patricians*, more then th'outward *grace*,
 Stands like a *Center*, from whose *point diuine*,
 To *Brittanis Circle* comes an *equal line*

Of state and *conscience*; which but drawne frō hence,
 Makes vp an honor'd *state-circumference*.
 'Tis not *quicksiluer'd-spirits* that can run,
 Throughout the vaine of *earth* with *motion*
 Of vnconcockted *travels*, that can merit
 The name of a *State-mettall*, till the spirit,
 By which his *active nature* still goes round,
 Betempered with more massie *stuffe* and *sound*,
 That in the winding *Laberynth* of *state*,
 Iudicious *eares* may rightly terminate
 The most large *bodies* of the ranging *time*,
 To a confin'd and *superficiall line*:
 Not *trauell*, but the *minds* graue residence,
 That, like the Sunnes vnited excellence,
 Collected to the *center* of the *glasse*:
 With greater vertue doth the *obiect* passe,
 Makes a true *States-man*: as in *natures course*,
 Not euery *motion* can produce a *force*
 To be the *cause* of *heate*, as in the *Sunne*
 We feele more *heate*, when his hot *beames* doe runne
 vnited, not disperst: so fit for *state*.
 Are *iudgements* seld, and most *temperate*,
 Not *errant* like a *Planet*, but at rest
 Like the *Polestarre* with in his constant *breſt*.
 Then thou that snarl'st at their transcendent *ranke*,
 And art thy selfe like some poore *Mountibanke*
 Made vp of *drugges* and *tongues* of euery *land*,
 More fit for *Ordinaries*, then *command*
 In the *Abyſſe* of *state*: that with profound
 And *perpendicular iudgements*, plumbes the *ground*
 Of euery *scruple*, with deepe *beames* diuine,
 Euen to th' vnmeasured *bottom* of each *Mine*,

*Omnis motus
 non est causa*

caloris.

Scaliger.

The infinite *thought* creates : repent thus farre,
 Curse thy *Dog-daies*, and rate thy sullen *starre* ;
 Packe *foole* to *French-Baloone*, and there at play,
 Consume the *progresse* of thy sullen day :
 For such light *pastimes* suite a giddy *braine* ;
 Or if thy *muddy* and *grosse* feeding *vaine*,
 Must needs be spic'd with *Saturne*: walke *More-fields*,
 The *shades* of *malecontents* ; whose *causes* yeelds
 Whole *sholes* of *travellers* : there may thine *eies*
 Surfet, to see thy *dull aspect* arise,
 And *Planet-strike* the *Organ* of thy *sence*,
 With *grosse* and melancholly *influence*,
 Cast *here* and *there* with envious *characters*,
 On *lymping Souldiers*, and *wild travellers*,
 That sit a *Sunning* vnder some *greene tree*,
 VVondring what *riches* are, or *rich men* be.
 But leauing these vnto the silent night,
Raw aires and *hayecockes* : and the best delight
 Of such poore *Grasshoppers*, that onely sing
 The *Summer* of their *yeares* with wandring,
 Of *fruitlesse* *voiages*. Next we present
 A *gratious starre*, faire, and beneuolent :
 Drope *Saturne* with thy *sullens* to the earth,
 VVhil' it *Ioues* bright *star* gets more auspicious *birth*.

 To

Of Iubiter.

TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTIE PRINCE
CHARLES along life, mortall
and immortall.



*O you sweet Prince I sacrifice these
lines,
Princes should line by princely disci-
plines :*

*'Tis most collaterall Manna, Angels
foode,*

*It's not so princely to bee great as
good.*

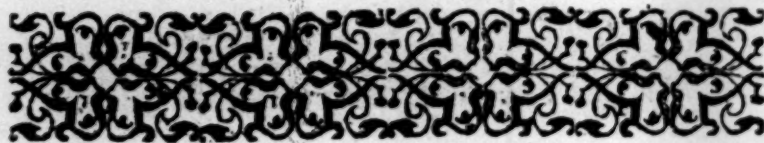
*Planets rule man: but Princes, as they are
Cald gods, sway vs; by vertue rule their starre,
what almanaks haue written in their praise
In you haue greater power, that orefwaies
The doubt of art: for certainly we know
The full Moones of your vertues, how they grow:
I wish your life may runne, as doth your starre
Orbd noblie, and most nobly regular,
Or rather more: for heauenly things aboue
If they but crosse vs, haue more hate, then loue*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*The teeming plowman thus will curse their powers,
when starres doe promise more in shew, then showers:
But you are farre more prosprous, and shall shine
Blest in your influence, mortall and diuine.
Enough is said, in fine, this booke shall tell.
Tis good to be borne great, best to doe well.*

Your graces poore Subiect,

R. A.



THE PHILOSOPHERS THIRD

Satyr of Iupiter. 4

NOt *Iupiter*, transform'd to many *shapes*,
 His *transmutations*, or *celestiall scapes* ;
Amorous imbracings, and *adulterate fires*,
Hot scalding passions, and *unchast desires* :
 Nor of his *tri-form'd thunder* we describe,
 That *mauld th' aspiring Giants* for their pride :
 But of a *heavenly bodie*, from whose *merit*,
Heroick actions drawe a *noble spirit*.
 Vnder this *stately* and *maiesticke starre*,
 Made *happie* by the *raigne of Iupiter* ;
 Are all those *royall actions* sweetly sung
 By our *welch Bards* : or the *poettick tongue*
 Of *rauiishing Lyrickes* ; whose high *Muses* sings
Starre-kissing Poems, of the *state of Kings* :
 The *swelling tide of time*, whose *mightie flood*,
 Like to an *Ocean*, curl'd the *streames of blood*
 Of *Kings* and *worthies*, with *true honour* died,
 Vnder this *Princely Planet* stellified.
 True *noble sparkes*, that can the *soule* define
 In *honord persons*, in this *Planet* shine ;
 And giues *essentiall formes* to *royall bloods*,
 Eterna'll to their *names*, more then their *goods*
 Or *fortunes* can *distinguish* ; and *deriues*
 True *honor* not in *name*, but in their *lines*.
Gentilitie from hence so *riches* bred,
 That like a *silke-worme*, it *spinnes* out his *web*,
 That others might giue *armes*, and weare his *good*,
 More rich in *vertues*, then *blaz'd* forth in *blood*.

Young

Young *Alexander* (whose *triumphant hand*,
 Like son of great *earthquake* shooke the *solliid land*,
 With *warlike ruffings* of his *princely mind*,
 By this *aspect* was at his birth assigned
 To *honord enterprizes*: and from hence,
Imperiall scepters draw their *eminence*;
 And euery *noble action* of high fame,
 That giues to *honor* an *immortall name*:
 To *Chronicles* and *times*, this *starre* doth blesse,
 With an eternall *Trophie* of *successe*.
 Which since his *Princely flames* scornes *common men*,
 In a *heroicke furie* chafes our pen:
 Tell me, thou *Royall States man* to the *Sunne*,
 Great *signior* of the *worlds perfection*;
 High *Treasurer*, for *honourable brests*,
 That with *imperiall wreathes* adornes their *crests*:
 Where are those *Heroes*, whom *Iupiter*
 Did *canonize*, euen in their *Sepulcher*:
 And after *death* blest with thy *influence*,
 Enspheard their *soules* with thy *intelligence*.
 Crane vp true *honor* through the horned *Moone*
 That now vsurpes the *day*, and shames bright *noone*,
 With their *confused actions*: where are those
 That had more *honour* in their *minds* then *clothes*;
 Great *Cesars Court* did shine with *warlick hands*,
 Leer *Atlas*. Leer, and laugh at *yellow bands*,
 That now do *staine the times*. Tell *Iupiter*
 The *worlds* mad after *Safforn*: and *preferre*,
 A most *sur-reuerence fashion* (like a *purge*),
 Before the conquest of the *worlds large verge*:
Gentilitie lookes like some painted *whoore*,
 Whom *wisemen pittie*, though *times-Bands* adore:
 Rather

Rather bright *starre* of *heauen* drop from thy place,
 And kisse the *Chaos*, then thy *smiles* disgrace
 On their *natiuities*, that doe pretend
 Their *linage* from the *Sunne*, which loath doth lend
 His *beames* to such *corruptions* purified,
 As that most noisome *muckhill* of their pride
 Whose *vapors* stiffe the *organ* of mans *sense*
 With such *mortalitie* of *pestilence*,
 That each *phantastick* corner of the *land*,
 Stinkes with *infection* of a *yellow band*:
 And yet can boast their *gentry* from a *starre*
 Kinde in *coniunction*, and familiar
 To their high *Fates*. Laugh, Laugh *Democritus*,
 Heer's a right *Comedie*, though vicious,
 To stretch forth all thy *powers* to *excesse*,
 And fat thy *heart* with mortall *foolishnesse*:
 These are those *atomes* of *nobilitie*,
 Which in thy *school* thou taught'st erroneously,
 To be the *worlds* beginning. Laugh fond *Sir*:
 Such *moates* of *gentrie* makes a *Vsurer*.
 Raile foule-mouth'd *Cinick*, lend thy *lanthorne* here,
 That to thy *candles* brightnesse may appeare
 These *scums* of *gentrie*; turne my *beagle-Muse*
 To lash these *Butterflies*, that doe abuse
 The *name* of that bright *Planet*, that shootes forth
 More *virtue*, then their *Tailors-billes* are worth:
 And if my *Satyr*, gently letting *blood*,
 Might of true *nobler* *breasts* be vnderstood,
 What we call *honor* or *Nobilitie*;
 Who knowes not *vertue* is *gentilitie*:
 An *habit* of the *minde*, not of the *clothes*,
 Which euery poore *Logician* truly knowes;

*Virtus vera
 nobilitas.*

The infinite *thought* creates : repent thus late,
 Curse thy *Dog-daisies*, and rate thy *sullen starre*;
 Packe *foole* to *French-Baloone*, and there at play,
 Consume the *progresse* of thy *sullen day* :
 For such light *pastimes* suite a *giddy braine*;
 Or if thy *muddy* and *grosse feeding vaine*,
 Must needs be *spic'd* with *Saturne*: walke *More-fields*,
 The *shades* of *malecontents* ; whose *causes* yeelds
 Whole *sholes* of *travellers* : there may thine *eyes*
 Surfet, to see thy *dull aspect* arise,
 And *Planet-strike* the *Organ* of thy *sence*,
 With *grosse* and *melancholly influence*,
 Cast *here* and *there* with *enuious characters*,
 On *lymping Souldiers*, and *wild travellers*,
 That sit a *Sunning* vnder some *greene tree*,
 VVondring what *riches* are, or *rich men* be.
 But leauing these vnto the *silent night*,
Raw aires and *haycockes* : and the best delight
 Of such *poore Grasshoppers*, that onely sing
 The *Summer* of their *yeares* with *wandering*,
 Of *fruitlesse voiajes*. Next we present
 A *gratious starre*, faire, and *beneuolent* :
 Drope *Saturne* with thy *sullens* to the *earth*,
 VVhil' *It Ioues* bright *star* gets more *auspicious birth*.

To

Of Iubiter.

TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTIE PRINCE
CHARLES a long life, mortall
and immortall.



O you sweet Prince I sacrifice these
lines,
Princes should live by princely disci-
plines:
'Tis most collaterall Manna, Angels
foode,
It's not so princely to bee great as
good.

Planets rule man: but Princes, as they are
Cald gods, sway vs; by vertue rule their starre,
what almanaks haue written in their praise
In you haue greater power, that oraspies
The doubt of art: for certainly we know
The full Moones of your vertues how they grow:
I wish your life may runne, as doth your starre
Orbd noblie, and most nobly regular,
Or rather more: for heauenly things aboue
If they but crosse vs, haue more hate, then loue

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

The teeming plowman thus will curse their powers,
when starres doe promise more in shew, then showers:
But you are farre more prosproue, and shall shine
Blest in your influence, mortall and diuine.
Enough is said, in fine, this booke shall tell.
Tis good to be borne great, best to doe well.

Your graces poore Subject,

R. A.



THE PHILOSOPHERS THIRD

Satyr of Iupiter. 4

NOt Iupiter, transform'd to many shapes,
 His transmutations, or celestiall scapes;
 Amorous imbracings, and adulterate fires,
 Hot scalding passions, and vnchast desires;
 Nor of his tri-form'd thunder we describe,
 That maul'd th' aspiring Giants for their pride:
 But of a heauenly bodie, from whose merit,
 Heroick actions drawe a noble spirit.
 Vnder this stately and maiesticke starre,
 Made happie by the raigne of Iupiter;
 Are all those royall actions sweetly sung
 By our welch Bards: or the poettick tongue
 Of rauishing Lyrickes; whose high Muses sings
 Starre-kissing Poems, of the state of Kings;
 The swelling tide of time, whose mightie flood,
 Like to an Ocean, curl'd the streames of blood
 Of Kings and worthies, with true honour died,
 Vnder this Princely Planet stellified.
 True noble sparkes, that can the soule define
 In honor'd persons, in this Planet shine;
 And giues essentiall formes to royall bloods,
 Eterna'l to their names, more then their goods
 Or fortunes can distinguish; and deriues
 True honor not in name, but in their lines,
 Gentilitie from hence so riches breed,
 That like a silke-worme, it spinnes out his web,
 That others might giue armes and weare his good,
 More rich in vertues, then blaz'd forth in blood.

Young

Young *Alexander* (whose *triumphant hand*,
 Like son : great *earthquake* shooke the *solld land*,
 With *warlike ruffings* of his *princely mind*,
 By this *aspect* was at his birth assigned
 To *honord enterprizes* : and from hence,
Imperiall scepters draw their *eminence* ;
 And *euery noble action* of high fame,
 That giues to *honor* an *immortall name* :
 To *Chronicles* and *times*, this *starre* doth *blesse*,
 With an *eternall Trophie* of *successe*.
 Which since his *Princely flames* *scornes common men*,
 In a *heroicke furie* chafes our *pen* :
 Tell me, thou *Royall States man* to the *sunne*,
 Great *signior* of the *worlds perfection* ;
 High *Treasurer*, for *honourable brests*,
 That with *imperiall wreathes* adorne their *crests* :
 Where are those *Heroes*, whom *Iupiter*
 Did *canonize*, *euery* in their *Sepulcher* :
 And after *death* blest with thy *influence*,
 Enspheard their *sonles* with thy *intelligence*.
 Crane vp true *honor* through the *horned Moone*,
 That now vsurpes the *day*, and shames *bright noone*,
 With their *confused actions* : where are those
 That had more *honour* in their *minds* than *clothes* ;
 Great *Cesars Court* did shine with *warlick hands*,
 Ieer *Atlas*. Ieer, and laugh at *yellow bands*,
 That now do *staine the times*. Tell *Iupiter*
 The *worlds* mad after *Safforn* : and *preferre*,
 A most *sur-reuerence fashion* (like a *purge*),
 Before the *conquest* of the *worlds large verge* :
Gentilitie looks like some *painted whoore*,
 Whom *wise men pittie*, though *times-Bands* adore :
 Rather

Rather bright *starre* of *heauen* drop from thy *place*,
 And kisse the *Chaos*, then thy *smiles* disgrace
 On their *natiuities*, that doe pretend
 Their *linage* from the *Sunne*, which loath doth lend
 His *beames* to such *corruptions* purified,
 As that most noisome *muckhill* of their pride:
 Whose *vapors* stiffe the *organ* of mans *sense*
 With such *mortalitie* of *pestilence*,
 That each phantastick corner of the *land*,
 Stinkes with *infection* of a *yellow band*:
 And yet can boast their *gentry* from a *starre*
 Kinde in *coniunction*, and familiar
 To their high *Fates*. Laugh, Laugh *Democritus*,
 Heer's a right *Comedie*, though vicious,
 To stretch forth all thy *powers* to *excesse*,
 And fat thy *heart* with mortall *foolishnesse*:
 These are those *atomes* of *nobilitie*,
 Which in thy *school* thou taught'st erroneously,
 To be the *worlds* beginning. Laugh fond *Sir*:
 Such *moates* of *gentrie* makes a *Usurer*.
 Raile foule-mouth'd *Cinick*, lend thy *lanthorne* here,
 That to thy *candles* brightnesse may appeare
 These *scums* of *gentrie*; turne my *beagle-Muse*
 To lash these *Butterflies*, that doe abuse
 The *name* of that bright *Planet*, that shootes forth
 More *virtue*, then their *Tailors-billes* are worth:
 And if my *Satyr*, gently letting blood,
 Might of true *nobler* *breasts* be vnderstood,
 What we call *honor* or *Nobilitie*;
 Who knowes not *vertue* is *gentilitie*:
 An *habit* of the *minde*, not of the *clothes*,
 Which euery poore *Logician* truly knowes;

*Virtus vera
 nobilitas,*

*Omnia mea
mecum porto.*

To be in diuers *Categories* plac'd,
 The one in qualitie, the other grac'd
 With *Art* and *Scituation*: *Courtiers* then
 Would scorne such gaudy *Gallifoiſts* of men:
 And rather fill their *honord traine* with *ſtarres*,
 Such whose vnſpotted *vertues* weares no *Scarres*
 Of *bankerout Citizens*, that weares his owne,
 Like *Byas* ſtill about him, and not growne
 To ſurfets with exceſſe in *ſutes* of *truſt*,
 Filling his *hot veines* with *inſatiate luſt*,
 To *formes* of *alteration*: yet at laſt
 Is alwaies *poore* in *vertue*, *rich* in *waſt*.
 The *honor* of this *Planet* ſhewes the *minde*,
 And not the *caſt-clothes* of ſome *fawning hinde*,
 That by *obſervance* to his mightie *Lord*,
 Hath crept into good *outſides* by a *word*,
 Bought afore *mou d*. For ſome *poore office feede*,
 That now is fallen to helpe the *buſie neede*,
 Of ſome *poore Groome*. Great *Iupiter* forbear,
 To hurle thy *influence* from thy *princely Spheare*,
 That theſe may claime their moſt *abortiue birth*,
 Vpon this *leaſt all* of this noiſome *earth*.
 From thy *heroick flames*, as from their *fire*:
 But to right *noble breſts* giue *nobler fire*,
 Let ſuch adore thy *riſing* in thy *Eaſt*,
 That feele an *honord farie* in their *breſt*,
 Charme all *ignoble-thoughts*; and with the *age*,
 Leaue *reliques* of his *honord pilgrimage*,
 Euen to his *ſpeaking-marble*, that his *ſtone*
 May ſwet with *memorie*, and his *dult* be *mone*,
 The *liueleſſe forme* of his dead *Element*,
 Hearſt vp in *death*: whose *liuing-Monument*,

Can, with this heavenly Ecco, thus resound,
 Prince (*Henries*) steps hath taught vs the same ground
 Of noble *buildings*: and since him succeeds,
 A Princely *Iupiter* in *noble-deeds*,
 And *honord hopes*: how then can *honour* er,
 That shares the spirits of this *Iupiter*,
 And *Princely beames*: whose *motion* most direct,
 Treads worthie of so *bright* and *faire* aspect,
 That trebled at his *birth* his princely *rayes*.
 Behold great *Prince*, what in these *Antick dayes*,
 May make true *honor* currant, and exclude
 The *ends* of high *blouds* from the *multitude*
 And fire of baser *ranckes*; that when your age
 Shall come to vnderstand the *Bedlame* rage
 Of this *distracted time*, and ripely see
 That not by *reason*, but base *phantasie*,
 Reflext from our *opinions*: we define
Honours to be the *fashion* of the *time*:
 Like coloured *Rainebowes* that deceiue our *eyes*
 With superficiall *shapes* of *vanities*,
 And with mature and clearer *beames* of *sight*
 Distinguish of all *objects* of the *light*,
 In your *perspicuous iudgement*; then your *sense*
 Shall in one *point* vnite the difference
 Of what a long time, your too tender *eye*,
 Your *Organ* not dispos'd, could ne're discerie:
 Then all things rightly set, the *Medium* faire,
 And the most grosse *parts* of this sinfull *aire*,
 Diaphanall and cleare, your *eye* shall see,
 That the true *species* of *nobilitie*
 Is not th' *extreame* and outward visible *part*,
 But the profound concealement of the *hart*,

Exempt from outward *fashions* so appli'd,
 As it is *truly noble*, without *pride*,
 Or *forraine imitation*, but intire
 To his owne *fashion*; made not to *admire*,
 But to attire *poore nature*, and to draw
 The peoples *hearts*, with an obsequious *awe*,
 Vnto the *Commons loue*: not *common gaze*
 Of *Player-like-fashions*: for *true honors praise*,
 Is like the blessed *Hebrew tongue* so strange,
 That in *confusions* it did neuer change
 His *primitive purenesse*; and how vnlike we be
 To *heauenly bodies* in *simplicitie*,
 In *motion* and in *formes*: speake *heauens* in *thunder*,
 And rate this *mad world* in a *peale of wonder*:
 That euer since the *order* of thy *frame*,
 Keeps still one *fashion*, and *moues* still the *same*:
 Nor is the *soule* (as *fond Pithagoras* said)
 Of a true *noble man*; to be conuaid
 By *transmigration*, or *phantastick shapes*,
 Into the *bodies* of such *Zainie-Apes*,
 As *fashions* make the *English*: but assigned
 To the *immortall vertue* of the *mind*:
 That's not traduc'd, or mixt of *elements*,
 But of the most infused *temperaments*,
 Subiect to no *mortalitie* of *Fate*,
 Except base *actions* doe degenerate,
 From that *immortall* and pure *quintessense*,
 That *vertue* giues vs in our *innocence*;
 From which, if *honor* by relapse digresse,
 We lose that *paradice* of *happinesse*,
 Where *honor* was created: and that *place*,
 Where *vertue* did infuse *originall grace*

Pithagoras
his opinion.

Into

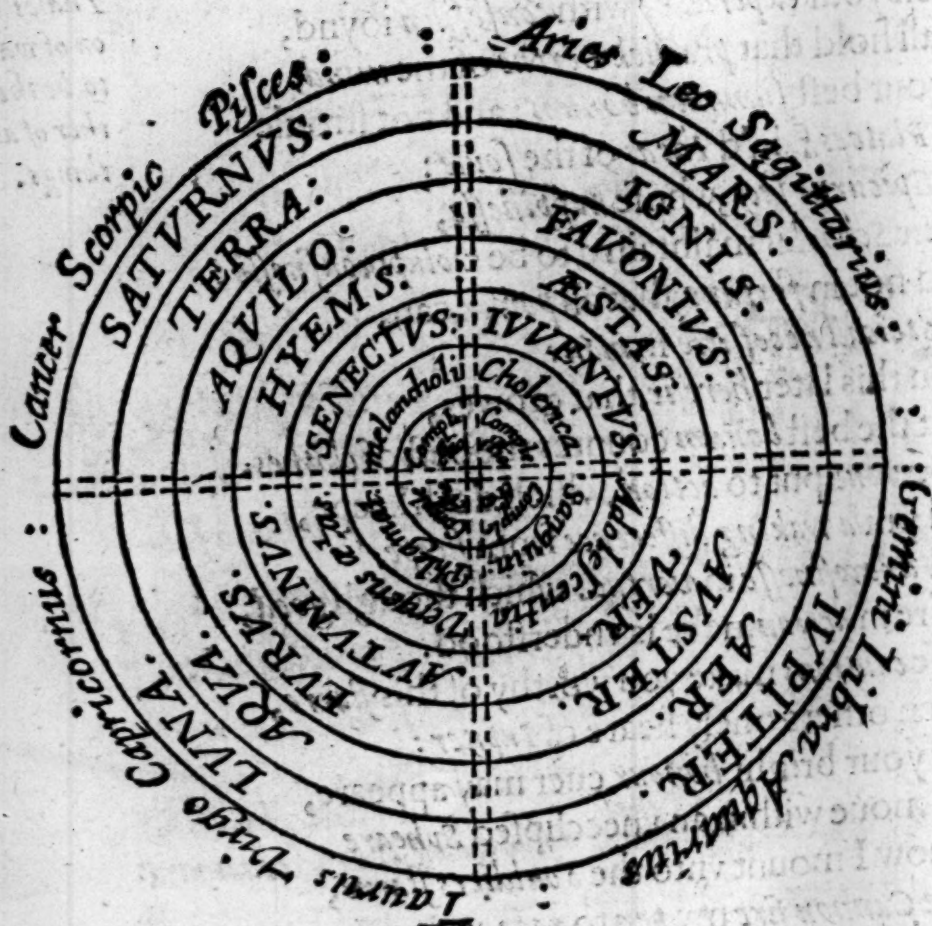
Into a great mans soule: Princes may eate
Of euery tree, that vertue made for meate,
Onely that tree, in midd'st of Eden spred,
The tree of vice: a touch of that strikes dead:
Thinke what it is, great Prince, that makes you liue
Greater, then you were borne: when worth shall giue
Vnto your actions such a long-liu'd fame,
As to all ages shall enrowle your name:
And such is vertue, that can ne're expire,
But like a Salamander liues in fire,
And furie of the times; and there ne're burnes.
After the funerall ashes of our Vynes:
For 'tis not that great title, that you weare
Of princely greatnes, and a future feare:
That can make you controller of the starres,
Or write your name in endlesse Characters
To all posterities: nor ist applaus,
Or popularitie, that can giue cause,
To make you liue for euer: but in fine,
'Tis vertue giues a Godhead, makes diuine;
Not Casars birth made Cesar to suruiue,
But Casars vertues, that are yet aliue.
Great Alexander Homers Iliades read,
Whose vertues made him liue, when he was dead.
A great mans vices damnes his fame so deepe,
Ther's no redemption, when his vertues sleepe:
Actions crowne vertues, and like Pulses prooue,
Whether the soule of greatnesse sweetly mooue,
With Natures harmony: which standing still,
Or faintly beating, shewes them dead or ill.
All this (sweet Prince) is to instruct your youth,
Without equiuocation to the truth,

Of honourable actions, that doe rise
 And mount by vertue, to possesse the skies:
 For marke but that diuorce, that time hath suide
 From such a Kingly troope and multitude,
 Of memorie and fame, and with their toombe,
 Buried their honours with an equall doome.
 In silence and obliuion, you shall see,
 That vertue reades the Art of memorie;
 And can doe miracles euen from the dead,
 To raise true worth by time canonized:
 And fetch new breath in princes, when our shame
 And vice in Lymbo shall ramme vp our name,
 What pen shall blaze that Epictures dam'd vaine
 That wisht his licorish pallate like a Crane
 In surfets, and high sparklings healtbes of wine.
 Vnlesse some Satyr with his lashing line,
 Flea his abuse: or else the stage hath stung
 His life and vice with some base Players tongue;
 When vertue shall command, like Orpheus strings,
 Euen senselesse stones to follow when he singes.
 The musicke of the soule, that sweetly sounds
 The meanes of honor, and the vertuous grounds
 Of our well fingered actions; and shall tell
 In Oracles, how our best acts excell
 The worst of enuie; though her toadelike wombe,
 Burst in her venom, euen within our tombe.
 Then since great Prince, that time must bring your age,
 To act one part vpon this earthly stage:
 Oh let your vertuous actions keepe such meane,
 As Angels may applaud your lifes best Sceane:
 Which you shall doe, by acting what is good,
 That when your riper yeeres haue vnderstood,

That

That the chiefe *seate* of honour is the *hart*,
 Diffusing *motion* to each *princely* part.
 And like the *soule*, whom *Schools* hold *all in all*,
 In euery *member* is *essent*: all,
 Compleate and *undiuided*; not begot
 Of *Thales* *element* to die and rot:
 Then your *experience* with *confession* ioyn'd,
 Shall hold that *practick* *vertue* of the *mind*,
 Is your best *summum bonum*: and not stroule
 To *Platoes* fain'd *Ideas* of the *soule*:
 Or *Epicurus* sect, whose *happinesse*,
 Their *Schools* maintain'd to be *voluptuousnesse*:
 And not in *fortune*, that all *power* can,
 Or *Stoicall* *necessitie* in *man*:
 Or in this later *heresie*, that growes,
 That the best *bonum* countes the best of *clothes*.
 But *vertue* put to *action*, which doth keepe,
 And put a *waking* difference from *sleepe*,
 And *drawnesse* in *vertue*: which though *good*,
 If ne're in *action*, ne're is vnderstood.
 These *cautions* make you worthy of this *starre*,
 When others onely heare of *Iupiter*:
 That your bright *honour* euer may appeare,
 And moue within an *vneclipsed* *spheare*
 But now I mount vnto the *Souldiers* *starre*,
 Some *Cannon* fire my pen to *rage* and *warre*.

Anima est tota in toto & in qualibet parte.
Thales opinion of water to be the mother of all things.



TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE THE EARLE
OF ESSEX, BARON OF EWE:

R. A. wisheth all grace with hea-
uen and earth.

Of Mars. ♄



*Noble Lord, Themistocles desired the
art of obliuion. I the practick of
memorie, whose hell and heauen pre-
sentine facultie cannot produce a fai-
rer forme of eternitie, then in the
vnimitable Idea of your Mars borne honourable Father,
the best of his fortunes I could wish were traduced to you,
and the best of his actions deserving a fixt constellation, as
totally diffused through euery noble veine of your Honour
as the best part of your essence is in your bodie the con-
emplatine part of time admits not a fairer prospectiue of
Honour. The character of Mars is but his counterfeit,
and I could wish it yours by adoption, Arts and Armes
should be like hypocrates twines reciprocally in their first
H ingredi-*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

ingredience, and borne together with a most sweet and lo-
uinz sympathie. The merit of a Souldier and a Scholer
hates poligamie, and are but one flesh. I know you are no-
bly tutored in the one, and I could wish you Laurcated in
the other. The poyson of the times hath no better Anti-
dote then vertue: the least doze of it makes honor nobly
preseruatiue. I haue here prescribed it, and may it worke
in you his phisicall operation: my dutie bound to the strick-
test, and most peremptorie remembrance of your Honour:
administers this diet: digest, and be a long liude pa-
tient, it is the Souldiers cordiall, and a
Noble restorative.

Your Honours humble deuoted,

Robert Anton.



THE PHILOSOPHERS FOVRTH

Satyr of Mars. 8

WHat by his *nature* mooves, and would aspire
 Vnder this *Planet* borrowes his hot fire:
 What *horrid* furie bursts his chaines in bell,
 And frights the *earth*, doth in this *Planet* dwell:
 Blood, death and, tragick stories *Mars* doth yeeld.
 A *Golgotha* of graues: whose purple field,
 Died crimson with his fatall massacres,
 Craues bloodie inke, and Scarlet Characters:
 A pen, that like a bullets force would reele
 A marble conscience, or a hart of Steele:
 But not of battels, or that sanguine flood,
 That at *Phillipi* Brutus stain'd with blood.
 Nor of that cruell, and Barbarian warre,
 Wherein two Kings sign'd by a blazing starre
 To a prodigious death, such horror wonne,
 As with amazement, frightened Christendome.
 Nor of that bloodie siege, and tragicall,
 Made famous by our English Generall,
 That in our age fell in the Belgian warres,
 When like an Ocean, with red Massacres,
 The moorish earth did tide vp ore the brim,
 As if the center did 'gainst nature swim:
 But to another *Posterne*, drils our Muse,
 Marching in martiall Satyrs of abuse.
 Tell me thou ragged man of Armes, that weares
 Onely thy *Passe* for service many yeeres;
 And by each pettie Constable conueide,
 As if thy wounds in peace were greater made

With *Headbourners* and *Beadles*, then grim warre
 Could through a groue of *Pikes* launch in so farre.
 Why are thy *scars* bought with such pretious cost,
 So tortured by a sencelesse whipping post:
 But a more grosser time, that cannot see
 In peacefull times, what want of *Souldiers* be.
 The dull *Athenians* offered sacrifice
 To *Mars*, when warres began to tyrannize:
 But when the furie of stearne warre did cease,
 His hallowed *Altars* lay yntoucht with peace.
Souldiers are *Saints* in *steale*, *Gods* in their *beaues*,
 Ador'd like *Elculapius* in hot *Feauers*
 Of blood and warre: but when their *steale-coates* rust,
 And their bright *armes* ore-cast with peacefull dust.
 Behould you *sonnes* of *thunder*, th'end of all
 Are *Vsurers* almes, and a poore *Hospitall*.
 Let *Sacars*, *Culucrings*, and *Cannons* sound
 In honour of their *bones*, and rock the ground
 With all your deafning *terrors*: for behold
 The *Balsum* for your wounds, are rich mens *gold*,
Powder the world with wonder, and thus crie,
 The *Camel* now may passe the *needles* eie.
 The *Iewish* age growes *hol*y and *precise*,
 And builds a *Sinagogue* to sacrifice.
 Their *charatable* *surfets*, when they die,
 That *liuing*, whipt away bright *charitie*.
 You *hacksters* flesht in *bleeding Massacres*,
 Thinke on your *maimed* *stumpes*: your *powerfull* *stars*,
 That worke this operation in *prowd* man.
Misers liue *Iewes*, and die as *Christian*,
 That else in peace had laid, as if *forlorne*,
 The bitter *subject* of the *ages* *scorne*.

The *Stockfish* to severest *Iustices*
 Beaten to death with warrants of the peace
 And good behanionr. martred with the rage
 Of *Constables*, whose *furie* can asswage
 Nothing but *night* and *wine*, that all things sleepe
 In the deepe *Lethe* of the god of sleepe :
 For seest thou not, thou *man* of othes and harmes,
 When *Mars* makes *holliday*, and allth' *Allarmes*
 Of your *Rock-braining Engins* are strooke dumb
 By bright *Astreas* charmes, and *Vnion*;
 How *armes* are banisht to his yron *Mines*,
 And time growne *banquerout* of those *disciplines*,
 That martial *Pyrrhus* to his *Souldiers* red,
 Or'e the braue *Romans* in *Phalanges* led,
 That then who cares for *Souldiers*, but forgot
 In warres they lose their *limbes*, in peace they rot,
 As if our *blessings* had so sure a *Creed*
 Ne're to vse *Souldiers*, for we scorne their need.
 Or doth our *carelesse peace*, like *Scipio* deeme
 Neuer lesse *sole*, then when it sole doth seeme
 Without a *Souldiers* strong *Atlantick* power,
 That on his *shoulders* props that starrie bower
 And *fabrick* of a *State*, as if a *Lethargy*
 Had silence't vp th' eternall memory
 Of *Norris*, *Veare*, and valiant *willobee*,
 That like three *Comets* bearded prodigie,
 Amaz'd the world : besides the register
 Of those *Sea-Gods*, *Drake*, *Candish*, *Furbusher*,
 That like three *Neptunes* on the curled maine,
 Danc't with their *Tritons* in a martiall vaine
 Who to a *Tragick Muse* hath left their fame,
 Scorning a *Commick* sect to score their name

The temple of the bisfront God's not ope,
 As if the earth had *uniner* fall hope
 Of a most mild *Augustus* to sway th'earth,
 In whose great raigne the King of Peace tooke birth:
 Then vanish all your furies to blacke hell,
 Duelloes, combates to the loathsome Cell,
 of burning *Ambriscadoes*, *crueltie*,
Rape, *ruine*, *horror* and *impietie*,
Seconds in *combats*, *challenges* in *wine*;
 Giuing the *lie*, and all vilde *discipline*
 Of *sences*, *desperate distance*; *quarrels common*,
 For some damn'd *Cockatrice*, or *Strumpet woman*.
 And all those *rasors*, that made *France* to bleed;
 And *England* sad, in *peace* be well agreed:
 For loe, an *Oliue Scepter* swayes our land,
 Not crusht to *powder* with an *iron hand*:
 Which sooner may the *Seaes* forsake their bound,
Fire from the *concaue lepp*, and the *fixt ground*,
 Be tumbled from the *center*: all that's made
Rome from his orderd *fashion* retrograde;
Eagles be *finn'd*, and swimme the *Oceans* deepe,
whales mount the *ayre*, & *Ducks* with *Dolphins* keepe,
 Before this *peace* fall, and *vnited-calme*
 Forsake the *vertue* of his *soueraigne Balme*:
Souldiers turne *Maunderers*, and liue to *shame*,
 By *Souldiers* base attempts, a *Souldiers* name:
Riot vpon this happie time of *truse*,
 With *pursing*, *cheating*, and all base *abuse*,
 Till millions of these *Roarers*, *sife by sife*,
 Drop through the *hang-mans budget*, and so dies,
 Before our *Oliue-Scepter* change his *bud*,
 And graft it in a *scarlet stock* of *blood*.

Yet

Yet I could wish, that in this golden time,
 A golden meane were kept, that in this clime,
 Where the *Hesperides* of peace doth dwell,
 Though guarded with a power that doth expell,
 The doubt of ciuill and outragious iarres,
 Men liu'd, as if their very liues made warres
 Against that peace, the heaucns doth earth assure,
 Vpon condition, that no man is secure:
 Nor are our best of blessings but so lent,
 As heau'n may change, what men in peace mispent:
 For time may come, ah, may it neuer come,
 When the loud thunder of our yet mute drumme,
 May raile in martiall marches, and their armes
 May scarre this peacefull *Iland* with *Alarmes*:
Inuasion may rouse horror from his den;
 And *Souldiers* then thought rather Gods then men,
 That now art barkt at by each dogged Sir.
 Poore *fooles*, your selues may need a *Souldier*,
 To chace *hostilitie* and bell-borne spirits
 Of warre and blood, by their triumphant merits
 From your *Percullie* d gates: oh then take heed,
 He that scornes *Souldiers*, may a *Souldier* need:
 For though all things in peace doe symbolize,
 As with a blessing, where all contraries
 Are leagued with Gordian knots of amitie,
 And liue in one united harmonie:
 The rauening wolfe, and the poore sheepe,
 Combin'd by supernaturall blessings silly sleepe,
 Like two faith-plighted friends: the fruitfull vine,
 That neere the Colewort is obserued to pine,
 Troubles the God of surfets sparkling iuyce:
 The Oake and Oline kisse in calmes of truce:

The

The Mastiue, feares not the *Hyenaes* fight.
 The *Mouse* the *Elephant* doth not afright:
 The poysond-*Henbane*, whose cold iuice doth kill
 His meate vnto the *Thrush*, when warres grow still.
 And all things that beares naturall enmitie,
 Conioyne their indiuiduall *Sympathie*:
 In a most blest coherence of their formes:
 Yet such a time may come, when nature stormes
 And *Plants*, and sencelesse things grow discontent,
 Their factious formes scorning this sweet consent,
 Familiar concord turn'd to qualities
 Of proud exceptions, and hot contraries,
 And mutinous nature all things turnes to hate,
 That in sweete peace did most participate.
 And if that old *Phylosophy* hould sure,
 That the *Soule* tracktes the *bodies* temperature,
 Although all naturall causes we confine
 To the great Movers power, and will diuine;
 Yet neuer had our temperaments more fire,
 Nor neuer apter to the hot desire
 Of warres and inouations; when our age
 In *Tauerns* shew the stabbing signes of rage.
 Neuer more cholericke constitutions knowne
 So practick in reuenge, as now are showne.
 Hot bloods in euery Courtier boyles to fight:
 No sooner grac't, but he dares barke and bite,
 New hot-spurre humors euery day arise,
 In cutting *Ruffines* borne to pandarize,
 Fierie distempers in our bloods exceed,
 Whch great *Hypocrates* could neuer reade:
 Each base *Mechanick* hath a *Fencers* diuell,
 And faine would fight, although the cause be euill.

Ther's

Humma se-
 qu, s'fr tem-
 peramentum
 corporis opi-
 no Galen.

Ther's scarce a *Coward* borne to the *times* curse,
 But hauing suckt he roares, and kicke his *Nurse*:
Man from his *Cradle* now like *Hercules*,
 Is borne to strangle, not to liue at ease:
 When euery *Royster* his *twelue labours* slight,
 And hand to hand dares with his *Lsons* fight:
 Or tugge with that *three headed dogge* of hell,
 Or in a single *Mona-machy* quell
 The hundred headed *Hydra* to conclude,
 By whom we *moralize* the multitude.
 If then, by *naturall causes* we descric
 How our corrupted *tempers* do applie
 Themselues to *bloody proiects*, and *hot iarres*:
 Spurning at *peace*, inflamed still to *warres*:
 Our *blesings* ought thus much to know in *feares*,
 That *Mine* and *Thine* may set *kings* by the *earess*:
 Which *two poore words*, as they haue set on fire
 The *world* with *law*, so to the *world* inspire
 A *quarrelsome nature*, that euen *France* and *Spaine*,
 By these *poore syllables* lost *thousands* flaine:
 And *seuen-hill d-Rome*, whose *victories* haue wonne,
 Eu'n *time* to *canonize*, what *she* hath donne:
 Onely with these *two words*, so pamperd *fame*,
 That like a *Iennet* of a *prowd-trust frame*,
 It pac'd the *ample earth* with such *large pride*,
 As if 'twere made not to be *rid*, but *ride*:
Peace is not of an *indiuidual size*,
 Like to a *Phænix*, from whose *ashes* rise
 Another of that *kinde*, that can restore,
Successtion to that *peace*, that went before:

I

And

And it may be the *utmost* date she beares,
 Shall be confin'd within these *peacefull* yeeres,
 Wherein her *Ioes* merily we sing,
 Neuer was such a *time*, and such a *King*:
 Or whether the great *Genius* of these *daies*,
 Hath left to *him* the *glorie* of that *praise*,
Sphynx cannot well vnridle or define:
 For it may be, in *him* it may resigne
 Her *utmost* *Royalties*: then *why* d'we *liue*,
 Like the fond *Megarenses*, who did giue
 Such *cost* vnto their *houses*, as if neuer
 They thought of *changes*, but to *liue* for euer?
 Not like the wise *Egyptians*, who still gaue
 Lesse *cost* vnto their *house*, more to their *grau*e:
 Since then these *changes* follow *times* aspect,
 And *peace* like to the *Moone* doth but reflect
 His *beames* from *others*: who can then presume
 That still her *quarters* hold full *Pleni-lune*:
 Commit not then such fierce *Idolatrie*
 Vnto this *Saint*: more then the *Deitie*,
 That gaue her those bright *vertues*, though diuine:
 For *Angels* may fall from their blessed *shrine*:
 But now we found a *Parle* and *Retreate*
 From bloodie *Mars* his *Planet* to the *Seate*
 Of the bright *day-Starre*: rise bright *Venus*, rise,
 Whilest *Citie* *wines* prepare thy *Sacrifice*.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL AND VERTVOVS LADIE, THE

Ladie *Anne Randyll*, health in both
the Worlds.

Of Venus. ♀



*Adam, behold, your vertues doe in-
trise*

*The best of art to write the worst of
vice,*

*That as the beaution forme of chri-
stall light,*

Opposde to darknesse seemes more richly-bright:

So from the times worst obiects you may spie,

How vertue shines best by her contrarie,

And best doth edifie, when to our sense,

She seemes to vertue in her innocence,

Like some cleare liquid cloud against the Sunne

In proudest formes of opposition,

Hecere shall you see the Anatomie of times

And imperfections bowell'd with the crimes

Of brazen impudence condemn'd to death,

Like Traytors breathing an infectious breath.

From your sweet fanours I began this booke:

And hope a faire successe from your faire looke:

As earth to heauen presented to our sense

*Seemes but a point to the circumference,
Compar'd to his large bodie : so in show
Are these my studies vnto that I owe,
Vnto your Ladiship: this mite shall speake
My Art and Hart both gratefull, although weake,
As Dwarfes seeme gracious, so may proue this este.
This booke, though small, may teach great time it selfe.*

Your Ladiships humble and poore

Kinsman of his duty,

Robert Anton.

THE

THE PHYLOSOPHERS FIFT

Satyr of Venus. 9.

NExt vnto blood and death, the Paphian queene
 Of the inferiour-planets first is seene:
 The harbinger of faire *Auroras* light,
 Bright day-starre, sliking the rough brow of night,
 Faire *Citharæa*: amorous flame of loue,
 That next vnto the glorious *sunne* doth moue:
 Goddesse of generation, that dost giue
 A father to each Bastard how to liue:
 Make my *Muse* ramble, that it truly tell
 The scapes of lust, that in thy influence dwell:
 Appaere you horned-monsters, that do swell
 With high-brow Antlers, that gainst *beaue* rebell:
 And stumble against *Taurus* with your hornes.
 Behold the lustfull Planet of your scornes:
 By whose insatiate and hot lustfull fire,
 Your wiues are strumpets, & your brows rear'd higher
 Vnder this starre bright *Helena* was bred,
 That made her husband higher by the heul.
 And *Messalina* by this planets power
 Wife to great *Claudius*, *Romes* high Emperour,
 Fall two and twentie times in one sole day,
 Cornuted *Cæsar* with her lustfull play:
 Here may thy Satyr riot with thy pen,
 And lash to blood this crooked fate of men,
 Whose shameleswiues, o'r warmed with bastard wine
 Like *Messalina* breakes that sacred signe,
 That holy wedlocke in their voves hath made,
 By that lascinious and insatiate trade:
 That nature growes so horrid and so full,
 That, like *Pasiphae*, amored of a Bull

In any forme of incest, or hot rape,
 The sensuall appetite affects his shape:
 Preposterous motions in this planet raigne,
 Mothers turne Baydes vnto their Daughters gaine:
 Husbands haue sold their wiues like Gallislaues
 Vnto a strangers bed: whole streets of knaues,
 Deepe red in hot Adulterie so confounds
 The reputation of our honest grounds,
 As if the world and Iustices agreeede,
 To make a Chaos of their bastard seede.
 Why frownes not Minos at that ciuill whore,
 That in a Puritans habit dwells next doore,
 Vnto his worship: and with Saintlike motion,
 Minces the pauement with her pure deuotion:
 Whom some hot Tradesman keeps, & doth disguise,
 In Angels robes to gull the iealous eies
 Of shallow iudgement, following Machauell
 Cunning in sinne treads warily to hell.
 Why Carts not iustice that old Dipsas Baude,
 That with her forcerous charmes disperst abroad
 Among the vestall Virgins holy bred,
 Hath betrai'd many a well-borne Maidenhead,
 To the luxurious hands of riotous heyres;
 Drowning their mothers happinesse in teares?
 Why doe our lustfull Theaters entice,
 And personate in liuely action vice:
 Draw to the Cities shame, with gilded clothes,
 Such swarmes of wiues to breake their nuptiall orbes.
 Or why are women rather growne so mad,
 That their immodest fete like planets gad
 With such irregular motion to base Playes,
 Where all the deadly sinnes keepe hollidaies.
 There shall they see the vices of the times,
 Orestes incest, Cleopaires crimes;

Lucullus surfets, and *Poppeas* pride.
Virgineas rape, and wanton *Lais* hide
 Her *Sirens* charmes in such eare-charming sense;
 As it would turne a modest audience,
 To brazen-fac't profession of a whore.
 Their histories perswade, but action more,
Vices well coucht in pleasing *Sceanes* present,
 More will to act, then action can inuent.
 And this the reason, vnlesse *heaven* preuent,
 Why women most at *Playes* turne impudent,
 And yet not to their sexe doe we applie,
 A stoicall and stout necessitie,
 Of shamefull sinne to women in this kind.
 But I could wish their modestie confin'd,
 To a more ciuill and graue libertie,
 Of will and free election: carefullie
 Hating this bellish confluence of the stage,
 That breeds more grosse infections to the age
 Of separations, and religious bonds,
 Then e're religion with her hallowed hands
 Can reunite: rather renew thy web,
 With chaste *Penelope*, then staine thy bed
 With such base incantations: But why in vaine,
 Doe I confound the musicke of my straine.
 With such vnrellisht *Pantomimicke* slaues,
 Whose liues prophane a lashing *Satyr* craues?
 Oh yet my graue muse be not to profuse,
 Applaud their good, scourge onely their abuse,
 No, rather my keene pen with art dissect,
 The *Anotomie* of woman, whose defect,
 May reade such *Physicke* to their longing sexe,
 As what most horrid guilt of lust deteets,
 And cast aspersions on their *Angels* faces,
 May salue their burning seauers of disgraces:

Not

Not in a squibbing *vaine* my pen shall taske
 Your feeble *imperfections*, but vnmaske
 With far more reuerent *hand* your slippery *natures*,
 Since your first *fall* proues you backsliding *creatures*;
 When *heauen* and *earth* from his *confusion* tooke
Proportion firme, and a more gracious looke
 Of *order* and *creation*, then was crown'd
Man, the imperiall *Monarch* of this *Round*:
 Which being made of a grosse *element*,
 Vnfit alone for *Kingly gouernment*.
woman as his *adiutor* was assign'd,
 That to their *powers* the *earth* might be confin'd.
 And *man*, then one in *number*, therefore *none*,
 In her might be more perfect then *alone*.
 When *she* was made in that *prime innocence*,
 Each *element* bestowed the *quintessence*
 Of his best *qualities*: *fire* then was more remisse
 With out hot *lust*, that now more ex'lent is.
water did temper his *moyst qualitie*,
 Without the *swetting palmes* of *venerie*;
 The *subtill parts* of *aire* did not inspire
 A *lightnesse* to theit *body* or *desire*.
 The *solliid parts* of *earth* vpheld their *frame*,
 That now falls back to *ruinate* the same:
 Her *harmonie* of *nature* most refin'd
 From the dull *Mans*, an *Angell* in her kind.
 Her *face* as beautilous as the *Crysped Morne*,
 Strooke from *sinudg'd night*: *created* and not *borne*,
 To keepe grosse-*pared Adams* from *foule sin*,
 With *adoration* like some *Cherubin*.
 Which not alone that naked *Sill* could doe
 Except the *mightie mouer* had made *two*;
 Both which had kept faire *Edens* *royalties*,
 To their *succession* and *posterities*:

And

And then vncensur'd had the woman ben,
 From th'originall cause of mortall sinne,
 Had not that *Hel-bred Politician*
 Beguil'd the woman, and the woman man:
 But since her sacred reason was beguil'd,
 And she for him, and he for both exild
 From that *foure-river-running-Paradise*,
 To the large cursed center of their vice:
 Behold this rare *Idea* of a woman
 Made to admire beyond an object common,
 Transform'd into a loathsome masse of dust,
 Salt tides of passions, and hot foming lust,
 Keepe their high floods, and waite on appetite;
 As *flowing Seaes* attend the *Queene of night*,
Inconstant flames glow in their skittish brest,
 And chastitie runnes like a man posselt
 With *Legion* and his diuels; and so raues,
 As it scornes life in streetes, but liues in graues,
 As if all vertues vnto heauen were fled,
 And women scarce thought honest, although dead.
 Nature is now growne monstrous to the earth,
 That in excesse creates this creatures birth:
 Or those prime elementall qualities,
 That giue our constitutions properties;
 Turne pandars in the action of their life,
 To make a faire face a dishonest wife:
 Or else imaginations deeply wrought
 By strong impression makes the age so nought:
 As when some lustfull bloud swolne high with wine,
 And stirring delicates, beares still in mind.
 The object of her dalliance, to exchange
 Her sacred bridall bed for sheetes more strange:
 Since the most simple essence of her soule,
 Immortall and diuine, now blacke and foule,

With more then *Ethiopian* gracelesse staine,
 Ne'r blushing at her sinfull die in graine,
 Tasted the *Philtre* compounds of sins harmes,
 VVith the sweete magick of her pleasing charmes,
 Since all their passions, that kept golden meanes,
 VVithout the amorous flames of loues extreames,
 Since women did corrupt their naturall graces,
 And by complexion did create new faces,
 Since their proud sex did studie to repaire,
 Robbing the dead: their owne more comely haire,
 Since their *Apostate* sexe began to slide
 From faith to superstition, and to pride,
 Since all this metamorphosis began
 wo-man, you make a locall hell for man:

he miserie of man affords but this,
 An *Aristippus*, and *Semiramis*:
 Murder and lust like two insatiate twinnes,
 Reuels in surfets of our noble sinnes.

VVell vnto *Cato*, this the world did giue:

" Oh *Cato* thou alone know'st how to liue,
 " That not in pallaces, and princely bowers,
 " Didst spend the last glasse of thy aged bowers,
 " where *Venus* sports are like to tennis balles,
 " Banded from one to tother: till it falles
 " Into the hazards of their honord names,
 " The chases lost, are rumors and defames:
 " Nor in the scalding Suburbs didst thou dwell,
 " where lust appeares in his hot shape of hell,
 " The Diuels whores, and the tormenting fire.
 " The stewing steame of sulphured hot desire:
 " Nor in that great Metropolis of Dames,
 " That like to Dog-daies burne the earth with flames,
 " As hot in their lasciuious appetites,
 " As Munkyes: more luxurious in delights,

Then

" Then amorous *Flora*, that Italian whore,
 " That proudly writ upon her painted dore,
 " Let none but Kings here enter: and as vild
 In their loose purges of their bed defil'd
 With their adulterate *louters*, as if trades
 Did neither marry widowes, wiues, or maides.
 Sooner may shamelesse wiues hate *Brainford feasts*,
Albertus Magnus, or the pilsred Iests
 Of some spruce *Skipiack Citizen* from Playes,
 A Coach, the secret *Baudihouse* for waies,
 And riotous waste of some new *Freeman* made,
 That in one yeere to peices breakes his trade,
 Then wash the roadlike speckles of defame,
 That swell the world with poyson of their shame:
 What *Comedies* of errors swell the stage
 With your most *publike vices*, when the age
 Dares personate in action, for, your eies
 Ranke *Sceanes* of your lust-sweating qualities:
 Why are your ciuill and domestick names,
 Question'd by euery *Page*, or grauer *Dames*
 Censur'd by euery *Courtier* in your streetes,
 Vnlesse the speaking-figures of your *Sheets*
 Could number one, two, three; and tell that *tricke*,
 Whereby you multiplie *Arithmatick*,
 And cast your false accounts in others beds,
 VVhilest *hornes* like *siphers* only shew their heads
 Of your neglected *Pheares*: or rather why
 Are grauer heads so rich in pollicie,
Industrious and so cunning in their wares:
 VVretched in nothing but in doubtfull heires:
 And yet see not with what *immodest croudes*,
 Their *Turtles* lie with *Centaures* in the cloudes,
 VVhy scowres the shallow *Marchant* the deep Ocean,
 Euen to the burnt line with his three yeeres motion:

Leauing his daintie *Pinnis* on the land,
 Like to a *man of warre* well rigg'd and mann'd
 By other cunning *Pilots*: *Pirates* rather
 That robbes him of the *honor* of a *father*:
 And nailes not his *profession* to the *Burss*,
 To saue her shipwrackt *honor* dangerous,
 From *Rouers* hands and lustfull *pyracie*
 Of this *hot rutting age*: whose *luxurie*,
 Lu'n from the hoarie *graybeard* to the bold
 And youthfull beardlesse boy-wench we behold
Triapus *Altars* reake with *smoke* and *fire*
 Of *quenchlesse passions* and *untam'd desire*.
 The *baudie times* tutor their *Goatish sense*
 In *ribawld sciences*, and do commence
proficients in the art of *Midwifetrie*.
ages can *non-plus* deepe *obcenitie*
 In *Aristotles Problemes*: and in fine,
 He's best, that best disputes in *Aretine*.
 And I much wonder that this *lustie time*,
 That women can both *sing* and *sigh* in rime,
weepe and *dissemble* both in *baudie meetre*,
 Laugh in *luxurious pamphlets*, like a *creature*
 Whose very *breath*, some *Ouid* did create
 With *prouocations*, and a *longing fate*
 After some *stirring meates*: *wiues* couet *bookes*,
 Not penn'd by *Artists*, but the *fruits* of *Cookes*
 Prescribing *lustie dishes*, to enflame
 Their *lustie fighting broode* vnto their *game*
Confections with *infections* of their kinde,
 Rot both their *body*, and corrupts the *minde*.
Ladies are turned *Musk-cats*, and do sent,
 As if *perfumers* bought their *excrement*:
 As though their *imperfections* so did smel,
 As without *Ciuer* it would poyson hell.

Their's

Ther's scarce a face, as it was first baptiz'd,
 That keepes his Christian colour: but disguiz'd
 With *Lozenges* and *lotions*: as if their hate
 Found fault with God, and could regenerate
 A better face with *painting*; when their *formes*,
 May poyson men, but neuer poyson wormes:
 All these, as if an *Academick* sect,
 Had studied new *opinions* to infect
 The soule with fond *mortalitie*, define
 The soule *organicall*, and not *diuine*:
 And of a *physick-bodie* the best part,
 Misconstraining *physick* for the *Doctors* art:
 These vices flesh the hot rain'd time with lust,
 And bake cold *Phlegme* to *humors* more adust
 And hotter *slippes* of wedlock: the *Romans* Guise
 To *lillie-vesta*, offered *Sacrifice*.
 To *Esculapius* a cock they gaue:
 But now for *Venus* all our *Henns* we saue.
 Looke you fond *Doues* chain'd to your goddesse carre,
 Those *Roman* sonnes, that haue out-prim'd your starre
 In chaster beames, and with their motion runne:
 Til maides turne *Turkes*, and leaue their *Christendome*:
Hypsiratæa, and chaste *Luia* score
 For your examples, and with zeale adore
 The memorable tombe of *Portias* name,
 That ate hot flaming coales to keepe her fame,
 From the rough *surgerie* of scandalous tongues,
 That time might sing with praise her funerall songs.
 Which *Antiquaries* in a golden page
 May name the gelded: not the gilded age,
 Sweet meats, and al your *delicates* of vice:
 Packe to the *Comfit-makers*, there intice
 The baudy *midwife*, and the pifering nurse
 To rotten teeth and ratling: but thy curse

Light not vpon the *thrif*t of *Cittie wines*
Life's sweet, good nam's farre sweeter thē their *liues*:
Perfumes and *powders* that make faces looke
 Like *Sculs* in *Churoh-yards*, that but late was tooke
 From *gastly bones*, as if the world did lust
 Like *Sextons* to appeare in *deadmens dust*:
 As if their *periwigs* to death they gaue,
 To meale it in some *gastly dead mens graue*:
 And thus like *Ghosts* appeare to *humane sight*:
 As if a *resurrection* should affright
 The *weakenesse* of our *natures*: which (*indeed*)
 Should with *deuiner use* the *morrall* reade
 Of their *owne frailties*: and like *Phillips* flauie
 Ring a *memento* of their *asby graue*,
 Iust of that *colour*: for in such a *face*
 I reade the *horrors* of that *deadly place*,
 VWhere *Golgotha* was found: this must I tell:
 Nor *Schrichawles*, nor the *fatall passing-bell*,
 Makes me remember *pale necessitie*,
 Eternall *silence* of *mortalitie*,
 Nore oft then *powdred faces*: oh ther's *grace*,
 Th'are *lining graues*, and haue a *sauing face*.
 Hence then yon *horrid drugs* that do consume
 The noble *rankes* like *graves*: and yet perfume,
 Your *uglinesse* with *pleasure* to the *sense*,
 Chasing their *bloods* with your *hit excellence*
 Of *lust* and *amorous charmes*: begon, growe dull,
 And decke the *forehead* of one *gastly scull*:
 That our *saire formes* may in their *beauties* rise
 Admir'd, for *red* and *whites simplicities*.
 But now from *Venus Nunnerie* of *Loue*,
 Vnto the god of *shifts* our *spheare* we moue:
 Charme earth great *Hermes* with thy *Snaky rod*,
 VWhilest *Englands Ioy* adores the *shifting God*.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL AND WORTHY GENTLEMAN

*Sir John woodward Knight, R. A. wisheth
the best temporall happinesse, and
future riches.*

Of Mercurie. ♄.



*Orthie Sir, me thought I obserued in
you a Saintlike adoration of vertue,
not to her Image, but to her substance:
your actions crownes your worthy in-
tentions, and speakes you more then*

*Gentleman like formalitie: the eager appetite of her beau-
tie makes me present her to you unmaskt, and unpainted
with adulterate complexion: your encouragements are
masse, and this labour Geometrically proportioned to
your person. Your onely character is to be ingenious and
generous: I haue prooued it, you may hap finde your nati-
uitie calculated vnder some of these Planets: when their
influence shall in some of them answer to your acute con-
ceite, I stand bound to you, that haue so nobly espoused
this*

this labour for your bedfellow, as Alexander kept Homers Iliades under his pillow: this quintessence extracted from the Philosophicall body of art without quackesaluing poetrie: may perhaps teach you more then Paracelsian skill in the spirits of vertue: and make you more then a bare professor of Alcumie, rich and wealthie in the practise of her: you know her grounds are infallible: seeke her therefore in these Satyrs, and proue rich in her Elixar.

*Your worships to the best
of art and power.*

Robert Anton.



THE PHILOSOPHERS SIXTH
Satyr of Mercurie. ¶

When I obserue how *Alcumists* disclose
 The fallacie of art, with onely shewes
 Of *Minerall spirits*, and with cheates present,
 The alterations of each element,
 And with their tricks like some most powerfull iet,
 Draw greedy fooles to kisse the counterfet,
 Of the *Elixir*, as if art had done,
 And made more gold, then nature or the sunne:
 Or their purse-purging-misterie of fire,
 Could finde more wealth, then *Crassus* could desire,
 When I behold rich sweating *Clownes* becomone,
 The losse of lands for the *Philosophers stone*:
Men of good worship gulld with oyles and glasses,
 Pawning their plate in hope of gold like asses:
 Oh then, thou *God of crochets*, and *stie trickes*. —
 My yerking *Muse* adores thy politickes,
 When I behold a peasant rich in clothes
 Clad in a *Tirian-die*, and skarlet hose,
 Obscure in parentage, and base in friends,
 Hauing no lands to helpe, but fingers ends,
 And a false bale of dice, and yet so roares
 In *Ordinaries* with his band of scoares
 And librarie of reckonings brauely payed
 With a high festinall-surfet, though displayed.
 Then wittie *Hermes*, tell, the age permits,
 How many gallants onely liue by wits,
 When I obserue some *Lawyer* shift a case,
 With *Angels* from his right from place to place,

L

Juggle

Juggle with *by-clarkes*, and with *counterfees*,
 Of either *partie*, stretch their *practises*
 Vnto an *Ambo-dexter* course of right,
 Smooth vp the *weake*, and fawne on *men of might*,
 Then winged *Mercurie* I doe admire,
 The actiue *flames* of thy most *subtill fire*,
 When I behold so many *slights of men*,
 Eu'n from the *scraping* and *rough Citizen*,
 Vnto the *loftie-climbing-dignitie*
 Of some smooth *Courtiers* craning *subtilltie*:
 Then thou deepe *charmer* of quick *Argus eyes*,
 Thy art with thy bright *planet* doe arise,
 When I behold a *Usurer* ensnare,
 The *lambish issue* of some *hopefull heire*,
 Wrapt vp in *bonds* for some *commodities*,
 With his damnd *broker* by his *policies*,
 Procures for *composition*, then my *braine*
 Adores the *Engins* of thy *wittie traine*,
 But tell me (thou acute ingenious *man*)
 That nam'st thy selfe a *lie Mercurian*:
 Thou that like *Scenica* in *memorie*,
 Transcends the *vulgar* in *capacitie*.
 Thou whose rare *vertues* are vnpareld,
 Whose words, like *Delphos Oracles* are held)
 Thou that do'st censure *Homer* to be blind,
 Both in his *mole-eyed sense*, and in his *minde*,
 And call'st thy selfe a *wit* at every *feast*,
 That cares to loose thy *friends* more then thy *iest*,
 Keep'st company at *Tauernes*, and can'st write
 A *baudie-pamphlet* for a *baudes* delight,
 Art *criticall* on *stages*, and think'st *Art*,
 To be diffus'd through every *sencelasse part*

Of

Of thy weake *iudgement*, like some great mans sonne,
 Sent onely vnto *Cambridge* to begon,
 Afore he reades his *elements* aright,
 A great mans learning onely rests in sight.
 Know'st thou not fond *vsurper* of *sharpe man*,
 How art defines a true *Mercurian*:
 Not euery *Brazier* (though his art be rare)
 Can equall skillfull *Nirons* molten *mare*,
 Whose *brazen frame* liue *Stalions* vs'd to couer,
 As if to art proud *nature* were a *louer*:
 Not euery *limmer* of *phantastick shapes*
 Can weare the name of *Zeuxes* for his grapes: *Zeuxis an*
 Not euery *flash* of *ayres* most subtile *spirit*, *excellent*
 Shall weare this *planets influence* with his merit: *Painter.*
 Not euery *brickel Poet*, that aspires,
 And faine would *sie* with *Sidneys* noble *fires*
 Into the *breast* of *greatnesse*, we insert
 Into the *laureat Chorus* of quick art.
 And though the *Kalends* of these *daies* permits,
 That euery man will companie the *wits*:
Scipio will haue his *Ennius* to indite,
 And great *Mecenas* baudy *Horrace* write
 A *Pamphlet* to *idolatrize* their name.
 Yet in the passage of *immortall fame*,
 Tis not the *stirring motion* of the pen,
 Nor the *phantastick humors* of those men,
 No, nor their *flames* begot in *smoke* and *wine*,
 That can inspire their *blockheads* with diuine,
 And most inuentions *straines* of *rauisbing fits*:
 Vnlesse great *Hermes* charme their *apish wits*
 With arts and deeper skill, then that which *wine*,
 Brings forth to *shame* good *byribes* with *bastard rime*:

Nor euery *Almanack-maker*, that can tell,
 How euery *Planet* in his *house* doth dwell,
 The quarters of the *Moone*, and giue the reason
 To *plow*, to *purge*, to *lib* in euery season:
 No, nor a *Gipsies* trickes in *Palmeſtrie*,
 Can merit a true birth from *Mercurie*.
 No, nor a *plodding Graduat*, deepe in art,
 That ſearches euen the center and the hart
 Of euery *ſcruple*, that with *Snake-like* twinners,
 Circles the *earth* with *winding diſciplines*,
 We call a right *Mercurian*, that ſo lookes,
 As if his ſoule were nail'd vnto his bookes,
 Except his *practick* ſtudies well doe ſhow,
 Experience in the age more then to know
 The *literall ſenſe* of *arts*: for out of ſchools,
 Your meeereſt *ſcholars* are the meeereſt *foales*.
 Not he, that taken from his *Colledge* teates,
 And wean'd from *ſchools* vnto the nobler ſeates
 Of *Lordly houſes*: can ſharpe *Hermes* boalt
 The God of *wits* to be his *ſire* and *hoalt*:
 If to his formall and more ſollid *vaine*,
 He ioyne not ſprightfull *carriage* to his *braine*
 To apprehend the *times* groſſe ignorance,
 By application of each *circumſtance*
 Vnto his *noble charge* he takes in hand,
 That not a *tricke*, but he can vnderſtand
 Within his *actiue ſpirit*, and ſtill tries
 With his owne *Teſt* the beſt of *ſubtilties*,
 That can prooue *fatall*: as for others then
 They may teach *ſcholars*, but not *Gentlemen*,
Monastick-walkes, and *circumſcriptiue walls*,
 Are fit for *plodding wits*; when *Lordly Halls*

And

And noble Pupils, fit men of those parts,
 That know the world, and are more then the arts:
 For singularities best please our sense,
 But vniversals giue intelligence
 In the whole kinde of learning: such as these
 Are right Mercurians in their practises,
 That ioyne with nature, art; and with their art
 Experience, as a quintessentiall part:
 Nor nature, nor experience ioynd in one,
 Giues a Mercurian true perfection:
 Except deepe art doe helpe to loade his braine:
 For both without some learning are in vaine,
 And farre from politicke influence: but he's best
 That hath all three ioynd in a compleate breast:
 For if instinct of nature make a man
 With subtile trickes a right Mercurian:
 I see not but the Ichnumon, Memphis God,
 Should challenge in his kinde flie Hermes rod:
 For in his naturall guifts, he doth excell
 All other slight's that men or stories tell:
 For on his coate he wraps an earthen cake,
 Which by reflection of the sunne doth bake
 His hardned armor, and with such a slight,
 Impenetrable he begins to fight
 Against the Crocodile, and with a wren
 He shoves more craft then most Fox-like men
 Can patterne in the triumph of their foe:
 For both with conquest ioyne in ouerthrow
 Of Nylus monster; and if onely art,
 Architas wooden Dove shall beare a part,
 Of a most flie Mercurian; or that Flie,
 That late a German made most curiously;

*Singularia
 sensus vniver-
 salis intel-
 lectus.
 Ariu. Topi.
 lib. prim.*

*Ichnumon or
 Pharaohs rat*

With busie *motion* and with *iron wings*,
 Venting forth *buzzing*, and lowd *whisperings*:
 And if alone *experience* make such men.
 I see no reason, but our *saylers* then,
 Such as haue towlde the *seas* with change of *land*,
 And seene all *fashions*: but should vnderstand
 The *Mazes* of *flie Mercurie*, who on *shore*
 Are ruder then the *winds* their *Sayles* haue bore:
 No, all those *three* ioyn'd in their *sweete consents*:
 Like the sweet *Musicke* of the *elements*,
 That do agree together in the *frame*
 Of a sound *constitution* giues the *name*,
 Of a most right *Mercurian*: and not *fier*,
 Or *water* by themselves, without the *quier*
 Of their sweet *harmony* distinctly fixt:
 Can giue a *forme* vnto a *body* mixt:
 As neither *Autumne*, nor the *spring* alone
 Can make a full *yeares* *renoulation*:
 Vnlesse the *frostie* *winter* do conspire
 To make it perfect with the *Summers* *fire*.
 Nor *art*, nor *nature* makes our *subtlest wits*,
 Except in one *triplicitie* it fits
Experience to them both: for in the *minde*
 Those two like rougher *Diamonds* are resign'd,
 And polliht by *experence*: and all three must
 Like *Diamonds* cut themselves with their owne *dust*:
 Which nothing else can perfect but their owne;
Diamonds being parted, neuer cut alone
 Their proper *bodies*: and thus *mans* perfection:
 Shines like a full-pact *constellation*:
Inuention is an *action* of the *soule*,
 Whose *essence* *starres* nor *influence* can controule:

Which

Which *Mercurie* himselfe can neuer carrie,
Or take away but prosperously may varie;
In giuing *inclinations* to our vaines,
But art and ripe *experience* quicks our braines,
Or rather all three; like three *faculties*
Of sense increase: and reasons *properties*.
As in a *four-square figure* may be wrought,
A *triangle* from the same bodie brought:
Rests so in man, and do include each other,
Nature with art, *experience* as their marker:
All which, if euer they did iumpe in one,
Or blest mans reason with *infusion*:
Great *Iulius Scaliger* in thy *spectacle*
I reade no wonder but a *miracle*,
That with these three so blest thy *subtilties*.
Scilfull in *thirteene* severall languages,
That time shall sing thy *sharpe natiuitie*,
Not vnder, but beyond bright *Mercurie*.
Besides the *mixture* of the elements,
That sweetly play vpon our *temperaments*.
Either in higher, or in base degrees
Of active or their *passive qualities*,
May adde vnto the temper of the skull.
Quicke winding *Sceanes* or plots more grosse and dull:
The *airie sanguine* temper quickly stirs,
And apprehends, like busie *Scribblers*,
That in a *Tearme time*, like to *vintners lads*,
Vp *staires* and downe with nimble *motion gads*,
Subiect to *agitation*, yet consumes
His slight *impressions* in his *ayerie fumes*:
Such are the idle *motion* of those men,
That with *poetick furie* of their pen.

Snatch

Snatch at each shadow of a sodaine wit,
 Like *Esops* dog; that in the sun-shine bit
 The shadow of the flesh: like *Oares* or *Souls*
 That crie the first man, and so drags and puls
 At sight of a conceite: that scare their sense.
 Losing their fare by offering violence.
 The chollericke complexion hot and drie,
 Writes with a *Servants* hand most gripingly.
 The *Phlegmaticke* in such a waterie vaine,
 As if some (*riming-Sculler*) got his straine.
 But the sound melancholicke mixt of earth,
 Plowes with his wits, and brings a sollid birth:
 The labor'd lines of some deepe reaching Scull,
 Is like some *Indian ship* or stately hull,
 That three yeares progresse furrows vp the maine,
 Bringing rich *Ingots* from his loaden braine:
 His art the sunne, his labors are the mines,
 His sollid stuffe the treasure of his lines:
 Mongst which most massiue *Metalls* I admire
 The most iudicious *Beaumont*, and his fire:
 The euer *Colum* builder of his fame,
 Sound searching- *Spencer* with his *Faerie-frame*:
 The labor'd *Muse* of *Johnson*, in whose loome
 His silke-worme stile shall build an honor'd toombe
 In his owne worke: though his long curious twins
 Hang in the rooffe of time with daintie lines:
 Greeke-thundring *Chapman* beaten to the age
 With a deepe furie and a sollid rage.
 And *Morrall Daniell* with his pleasing phrase,
 Filing the rockie methode of these daies.
 As for those *Dromidarie wits*, that flie
 With swifter motion, then swift Time can tie

To a more snail-like progresse, slow and sure,
 May their bold becham Abuse the curse indure,
 Of a waste-paper Peshouse, and so rise,
 As like the sunnes proud flower it daily dies.
 Besides, another cause of wits varieties,
 Consists vpon the climates forme d varieties,
 That from the Articke, to the southerne Cape,
 Alters our humors to a diuerse shape,
 The Northerne Tike is fawe, grosse, dull and hard.
 The Southerne man more pliant doth regard
 The witty layes, and madrigals of arts.
 But from the North, are men of ruffer parts,
 Brawnie labourious Hands for labour fit,
 Come from that Pole, from tother men of wit:
 Rough-hewne vntutord Groomes come from the North,
 But vertues frō the South of milder worth.
 And from each climates variation,
 Proceedes the changes of both men and Nation.
 The Alman rutter in his more cold,
 The French more sudder, and the Italian bold,
 The Spaniard subtile, though with much delay,
 Craftie in vengeance, wittie to betray.
 The Dutch potwittie, and the Irish man,
 A most dissembling politician:
 The Scotch man poore in wit, yet very thriving,
 Of a broad speech, yet subtile in contriuing.
 The Englishman more poore then he is knowne
 For wit and clothes, for neither are his owne.
 But here from Mercurie againe I runne,
 Bearing the pillers of Alcmenaes sonne
 With ne plus ultra, in this planets praise,
 Leauing the learned trophees of greene Bayes

To Iones owne *nuncius* winged *Mercurie*,
 To crowne more worthier *brones* in memorie
 Of a more curious *modell*, then my pen
 Can limme out to the *life* in other *men*:
 For not like *Phaeton* I doe aspire,
 To melt my selfe in this *celestiall fire*,
 Or like vaine *Poets*, listen to the *aire*
 Offond *opinion*, what it holds for rare:
 But if this *Satyr* haue err'd ought in *matter*,
 May his *tongue* blister, that will speake to flatter,
 Yet thus much boldly to the contrary
 I boldly speake, by leaue of *Mercury*,
 That though no wayes, I can his *influement*,
 My *Muse* beyond his *starras* shall mount in *spirit*,
 And to a holier *Hierarchie* flie,
 To sing a more diuiner *hystorie*:
 But now of *Cynthia* and her *bowmes* I writ,
 Tis now full *Moone*, *Ape* daunce in such a *night*.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS

[LORD WINDESOR, R. A. wisheth a
prosperous perpetuities of health
and happinesse.

Of the Moone.



*I noble Lord, I much applaude your
contemplative election in retiring
your selfe with many worthy exam-
ples, as Cato to Picens, and Sci-
pio to a Farme to a contented
countrie life. You see the poyson of
populous places, and the Babel fall of
popularitie, the vicissitude of times are full of pestilent pe-
rils. Let your Noble vertues make you happie in knowing
your selfe, and canonicall in making use of the greatest
ruines of higher fortunes; my loue and ancient duty con-
tend both to gratifie your honour. Reade here the mutabi-
litie of time, and be reseruing in your Noble nature: what
you find doctrine and usefull: tis a handfull, but infinite
in my loue and seruices. And I conclude with the Poet,
Non rebus exiguis vacat abesse Ioui.*

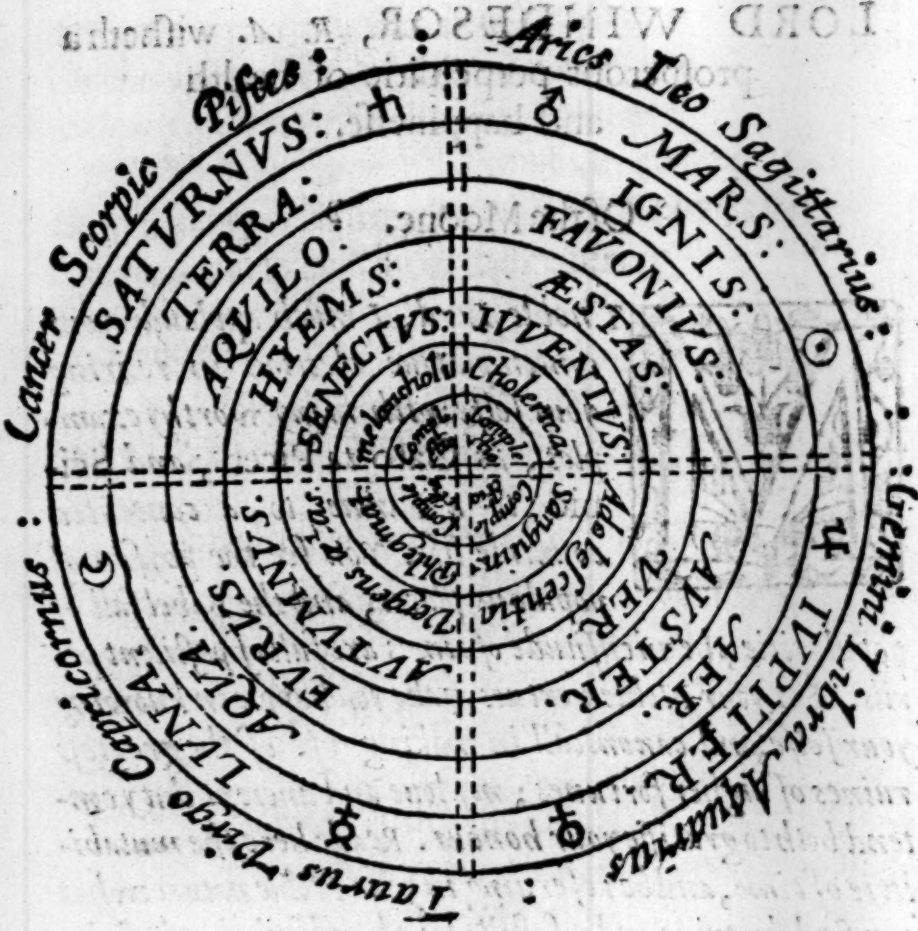
Your Lordships in all service and loue

Robert Anton.

TO THE RIGHT

HONORABLE THOMAS

LORD WILLOUGHBY



Non nobis exiguus vacat spelle Ioui

Non nobis exiguus vacat spelle Ioui

Robert Aron

THE

M

THE PHILOSOPHERS SEVENTH

Satyr of the Moone. D

OF all the *Planets*, this appeares most strange
 In *apparitions* and inconstant *change*:
 Sometime she like a *sihe* her face doth show,
 That *barbes* the *fields*, when they vnciuill grow:
 Sometimes againe she like a *rounded-ball*:
 Her crumpled *hornes* appeare most *sphericall*:
 Which forms the bright *Sun* (*heauens imperial starre*)
 Prints in her pale *cheeke* with his *golden carre*:
 Sometimes approaching with his *stately head*
 But once a *month*, Lordlike his *Ladies bed*:
 Which is the reason why her plumpe face *Rheumes*
 Swell *man* and *beast* plants, *mines* in *pleni-lunes*,
 As she is *neere* or *distant* from the *sunne*:
 so diuers in *aspects* her *courses* runne,
Empresse of *floods*, that swellst as thou dost please:
 The *fluxe*, and *reflux* of the *sturdie Seas*:
 Whispe to *Nature* that *deepe misterie*
 Of *Neptunes* mightie *tides*, whose *sophistrie*
 Made that great *probleme master* dash his *braine*,
 Against the *billowes* of the *curled maine*,
 Making the *Ocean*, with his *spacious roome*,
 At once his *grau*, his *coffin*, *sheete* and *tombe*.
 His *double motion* (as some vnderstand)
 Was not receiued from *Gods eternall hand*:
 Although his *bounds* the *Mouer* hath assign'd,
 To which the headstrong *Ocean* is confin'd,
 But from that glorious *siluer-fronted starre*,
 That giues high *floods*, or *ebs*, as pleaeth her:
 But why, my *Neclared Muse* dost thou distill
 Such *Rosie adors* from thy *bitter quill*:
 And cease to aduance vnto thy *Satyr*s reede:

Copernicus
his opinion.

To nettles *time* and make *abuses* bleed.
 Lanch the impostumed age vnto the quicke,
 And (*Dutchman-like*) with desperate fencing sticke.
 Among all things that subiect are to change,
 There's nothing fixt, but is inclinde to range:
 Which made Copernicus this *Maxime* prone,
 That the fixt earth did from his center moue:
 If nothing then in earth, in seas, or skies:
 But (*Proteus-like*) to change it selfe applies.
 Bright weather-cocke of heauen, let me vnstrip
 The changing influence of thy *Lucky* slip.
 Woman, I could like bels thy changes ring,
 And like a foule-mouthd *Mantuan* raile and sing
 "Of thy inconstanc words, vncertaine vowes:
 "Change of thy smiles, thy passions, and thy browes:
 "Change of thy heart, hand, tongue, and rowling eye:
 "Change both in loue, and hate setremitie:
 "Change to all changes, and if more change may
 "From Saint to diuell, change euen when you pray.
 But I enough haue dwelt vpon your starre,
 Let it suffice, the world knowes what you are,
 A Bit-borne curse, an Eele, a Bee to sting:
 A Cockatrice to kill, syren to sing.
 But leauing you for mans eternall bane:
 Bright *Cynthia*, let me sing th' inconstant vaine
 Of these vncertaine times, and truly show
 How all things change, and with thy beames do flow:
 Nor woman, nor the change of elements,
 Nor the Moones changes do more change present;
 Then the inconstant monstrous multitude:
 Whose giddy *Hydra-heads* all formes include,
 Marke how the winds breaking their brazen guard,
 Changes each point of compasse, or of card.

Some-

Sometimes full *East*, sometimes againe full *west*.
 So change the *furies* of the *poopels* *breast*:
 Agreat-mans *fortune*, that like full-Moones rise
 Like *Dolphins*, these adore; but when it dies,
 And wants from fuller influence of *Respect*.
 When his ambitious *beames* no more reflect.
 Vpon the baser *bodies*; then their *tide*
 In shallow *ebbes*, and falling *currents* aside:
 As *greatmens* *miserie*, that like the *Sun*
 Attended with *twelue-signes* their *progresse* run,
 when their *bright honors* do ascend the *skie*
 Like *Aries* then they beare him companie,
 In comfort of his *spring-tide* and *high state*.
 Adore the high *Solstitiall* of his *fate*:
 But when his *rising honors* do decline,
 Then with his fall fals the *dissembling signe*
 Into *Aquarius*, and from their *eyes*
 Drop onely *teares* to shrowd him, when he dies.
 The *Peacocketraine* of *heavens* all-colour'd *bow*,
 Paints not more *colours* then these *eyes* do show
 That haue the *falling-sickness*: when such fall,
 Moores at their *East*, *Dogs* at their *funerall*.
 Oh *Popularitie* that cost more *heads*
 Then there are *worms* within their *shamed beds*,
 To eate their *treasons* with their *honord bones*
 To their first *elements*, or weeping *stones*,
 To wash their *shame* in *teares*: how haue your *charms*
 Betrayed the nobler parts of *Arts* and *Armes*
 To an vntimely *grau*, which *time* shall write
 In bleeding *characters* to after *fight*.
 How many *statelie Cad*rs haue you lopt,
 VVhose *state* cloud-killing-branches ouertopt

The

The *humble shrub*, whose ruin'd *timber* lies
 To build new *hopes* to their *dead families*.
 Here could my *Muse* with *history* conclude
 The *fatall changes* of the *multitude*.
 And like a *vizard* to *Nobilitie*,
 Fright their depending *popularitie*.
 But this in *breefe* true *subjects* shall suffice,
 "He's *wisest*, that by others *harmes* grows *wise*,
 When I behold the *Queene* of *seas* and *night*,
 Shifting her *formes* in *changes* to our *sight*.
 I see the *world* (*Cameleon-like*) pursue
 Her *changing humors* and her *diuers hue*.
 Sometimes me thinks I see a *peasant* ride,
 In his *full-moone*, of *surfet* and of *pride*,
 As if he *tilted* gainst *authoritie*,
 Defied his *Taylor's* importunitie,
 Scornd his *poore Saffron-laundresse* and his *boast*,
 Beat his *poore Shoemaker*, and rid in *post*
 To *dicing-Taverns*, next *day* without *faile*.
 His *moone* is chang'd, he *damned* in a *taile*.
 Sometimes I see some *sacred reliques* turn'd
 To *Theaters* prophane, and *tapers* burn'd
 For *damned Comedies*, where *singing quires*
 At *midnight* cast their *odoriferous fires*:
 Which to a *diuell* would appeare a *change*
 Of most *unchristian toleration* strange:
 Sometimes I see more then mine *eyes* would see
*steeple*s to *stable*s turn'd, and *Sanctitie*,
 Chang'd into *rauenous Roabes* of *pollicie*.
 That I more wonder at this *transmutation*,
 Then at the *Moones* *alternate alteration*:
 Again, reflect mine *eye* vpon the *age*

That

That *was* and *is*, I see *times* pilgrimage
Corrupted with such pestilence of euill,
That *man* to *man* turnes *wolfe*: nay more a *diuell*.
I see *ambition* begging innocence
Well-landed, for a *foole*; as if all *sense*
Were tied to *pompe* or *policie* of *state*
That our best *landed men* are *fooles* by *fate*:
Which makes me count a *Scholler* blest in *Schooles*,
Which though they *begge*: the'r seldom begd for *fools*
He's got in an *Eclipse*, so weake by *birth*,
He liues by th'*aire*; hath not a *foote* of *earth*:
This is a *fatall thing*, prodigious *chance*:
Great fortunes fauour *grossest ignorance*.
Sometimes I see the euer-turning *spheare*
Of *man* and *fortune* like *new-Moones* appeare.
Still waxing to a full increase of *light*,
Till it seeme *round full-circled* and *most bright*
To all men *eyes*: till by the *darkesome shade*
Of some *mischance*, a *blacke eclipse* be made.
Thus haue I seene *inconstant Tradesmen* floate
Now *rich*, to morrow *broake* not worth a *groate*.
Tis the *condition* of this *glorious frame*,
And all things that beneath the *Moone* we name:
Nay, eu'n the things about her *orbed-face*,
Do couet *changes* from their *naturall place*.
Till with *mutations*, all things thinke it best,
To melt vnto their *Chaos*, and so rest.
When *man* is borne, and (*speechlesse*) *prophecies*
Of *times successions*, and his *miseries*:
He first begins to *waxe*; then *wanes* to worse,
Sees many *Moones*, and then begins to curse
The *changes* of the *times*: which many *yeares*.

His vexed soule hath markt the swift *careeres*
 Of *Sunne* and *Moone*, and notes the age turnd *Iew*,
 With tedious *bowers*: then he bids adieu
 Vnto his *golden daies*, when in his *rage*,
 His long liu'd *tongue* speakes of the wicked age,
 Tels what a braue world twas, when *Bullens towers*,
 Trembled like *Aspen leaues* at *Henries powres*:
 Obseruing not the world the same to stand.
 VWhen tis *mens manners* change and not the land:
 Here could I sing the *changes* of all *states*,
 Eu'n from the conquering and victorious *gates*
 Of *Tyber-grasping Roome*, tell of her *storie*,
 VWrite of her *changes* and her *waning glorie*.
 Euen to this mightie *westerne Monarchie*.
 Since first the *Danes* subdude her *libertie*.
 But more then I can write, *all things* perswade.
 What euer were, or is to be, shall fade.
 And though the world were *euernall* thought,
 Tis not *eternall*, but shall change to *nought*:
 But now I turne my *sailles* from *seas* to *land*.
 Here's more then *men* will *reade* or *understand*:
 Though orderly next to the *firmament*,
 These *wandering planets* do themselues present:
 And next to them *earth, water, aire, and fire*:
 Succeed in place my *spirit* to inspire,
 VWith matter of diuine *Philosophie*,
 To tell of euerie *primate qualitie*:
 That with *predomination* doth present
 The Lordly pride of euerie *Element*
 In *bodies* mixt: and first I should repaire
 To the three *Regions* of the subtile *Aire*:
 Tell of the fearefull *Comets* in the *skie*,

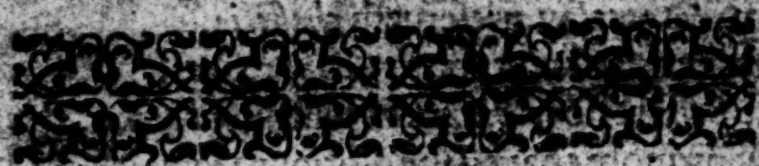
VVhose

Plin. l. 2. c. 25.

whose diuers *formes* giue to the *prodigie*
 Ten fearefull *seuerall kinds*: which so we name
 As they are diuers in their *formes* or flame:
 Of *thunder*, *lightning*, and their *blasting might*:
 Of *haile*, *snow*, *raine*, and *tempests* of the *night*,
 Of *Fiers*, that haunt *Churchyards* and *forlorne graues*:
 Of *winds* by which our *ships* dance on the *wanes*:
 Of *earthquakes*, and the *veines* of *euerie mine*.
 Of *gold*, for which we cut the *burning line*:
 Of *plants*, of *trees*, and of their *qualities*,
 How in their *formes* and *place* they *simbolize*.
 And how againe for *enuie* and *despight*,
 The *vine* and *Colewort* neuer do delight
 To grow *one* by *another*: then to sing,
 Of *glistering Iewels*, and each *pretious thing*:
 To tell the vertue of the *Chrysolite*,
 The *sparkling Carbuncle* that shines by *night*,
 The *purple Hyacinth*, whose *stone* imparts
Sollace and *mirth* to our *griefe-nummed harts*:
 The *heauenly Azure Saphirs* *qualitie*,
 Whom *Authors* say, *preserueth chastitie*,
 The *greene Smaragdus*, foe to *Venus* reakes,
 Whose *stone* in hot *coniunction* *blushing breakes*,
 And many more, that by the *glorious Sunne*
 In the *earths wombe* take their *conception*,
 These in their *order* should my *pen* incite
 Of *Natures vniuersall workes* to write,
 And in sweet *morall lectures* to applie
 The *worlds abuses* to their *misterie*:
 But that I hardly can be brought, to thinke
 The *time* loues *gaull*, by which I make mine *inke*,
 Or haue so much *wit* in their *shallow braines*.

The Philosophers

To read and on to find out the secrets of the world
For by this page we our are out rightly
When we whip others we our selves are whip
By Carers and more silly feafleffe hands;
Whose groffe and carie carry greater mind
For vnder standing such lend onely looker;
And think of the art of conuincing lookers;
Wherein they set braue circles to the eye;
But more admire them than the misterie
Of Arts profundities; I feare none but such:
My selfe hath liued too long, and writ too much.



John W. ...

